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New Statesman

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Tobacco lobby

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New Statesman

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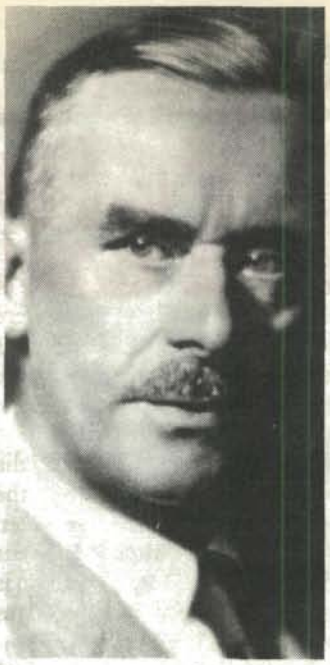

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New Statesman Vol 107 No 2764 9 March 1984

Welcome back

EVEN BEFORE Tony Benn took his place again in the House of Commons political myths about the Chesterfield by-election were passing into the system. The first set concern 'the media'. It has become an article of faith on the Left that its bad image in the media is entirely created by the lies and distortions of journalists. Chesterfield is already being cited as just another example.

There was a by-election in which the majority of the media behaved shamefully. In Bermondsey in February 1983, the Labour candidate was hounded as no candidate has ever been hounded before. The candidate's vulnerability incited politicians and then editors to try to destroy Peter Tatchell. But Tony Benn is a seasoned and self-confident campaigner, who is as good as anyone around at getting his arguments and image across.

His handling of television, which is overwhelmingly the most important part of the media so far as a politician is concerned, is particularly skilful. His now celebrated personal attack on the BBC's Vincent Hanna (for which there seemed to be very little objective justification) ensured that television bent over backwards for the rest of the campaign to avoid any charge that it was being unfair to him. Indeed some of the background coverage of the Liberal candidate and the Tory campaign in Chesterfield would have been criticised for bias had it been directed at Benn and Labour.

Of course there is bias against Labour in Fleet Street and this is the reality at the root of the Left's paranoia about the media. The majority of national newspapers are owned and run by companies and people whose views are not socialist. The choice and presentation of stories inevitably reflect a narrow and conventional set of values. The greater the commercial or political pressures on journalists, the less effective are the rather vague professional standards of the business. But these standards apply to the whole of the range of stories they cover — not just Labour politics and not just Tony Benn.

Without question there is an excessive degree of media concentration in the hands of the Murdoch empire. But that is a different question and should be tackled via monopoly legislation. The fact is that, whatever the organised hostility of the Murdoch papers to Benn, Labour in Chesterfield managed the media in the way that suited it. In what might have been a by-election campaign strewn with banana skins, newspapers and television in fact were forced to accept that the Labour Party has at last substantially pulled itself together after five years of brutal civil war.

The second myth in the making is that Tony Benn campaigned openly in Chesterfield on a far left platform and won, thus proving that the politics of the far Left can win elections. The truth is, first, that he ran no such campaign and, secondly, that he did worse in the vote than a less contentious candidate (say Phillip Whitehead) would have done. In the weeks available to him after his adoption, Tony Benn concentrated in Chesterfield not on the development of political ideas or arguments, but on his own particular brand of community politics. What he projected so successfully was as much his open and engaging personality as his policies. It was exactly the right tactic. □

Double standards

NO SENSE of contradiction seemed to trouble the Prime Minister when she indignantly protested at the invasion of the privacy of a Barclays bank account operated by her husband and her son. She was prepared to make a statement about it. In her view 'the arrangements affecting that bank account are perfectly proper and not in any sense a public matter'. So she has departed from her position of refusing to discuss the personal affairs of her family. But she still doggedly sticks to her quite unacceptable position that she will not make a statement about the public issue that *does* arise from that selfsame bank account, namely when did she become aware of the interest that her son (and now it seems indirectly her husband) had in the Oman contract and why did she chose not to declare it.

Her humbug about this particular invasion of privacy contrasts strongly with a great deal of what is going on under her government. In relation to Poland she has ringingly declared that the right to belong to a free trade union is a basic individual right. But at home in the case of GCHQ she appears to think that this right is not basic, but worth about £1,000.

More generally, Mrs Thatcher has deliberately created an atmosphere of 'thought policing' in public life. She has banished from her inner circle those who disagree with her political philosophy. She has made it clear that 'being one of us' will be a major factor in the promotion of senior civil servants. Now the Ministry of Defence is examining what to do with civil servants who sympathise with organisations or movements fundamentally opposed to government policy.

Much closer to home, when Duncan Campbell fell off his bicycle and the police found in his bag an unclassified architect's drawing of an RAF station, instead of asking him where he got it from, the Special Branch got a search warrant under the Official Secrets Act and ransacked his house for over six hours. They had no evidence that a prosecutable offence had been committed. They had no moral right to apply for a search warrant and the magistrate was wrong to give them one on such flimsy evidence.

But Mrs Thatcher seems totally unconcerned with this kind of invasion of privacy. One rule, it seems, for the Thatchers and another for everyone else. □

If you live in Manchester, Liverpool or Leeds. . .

The *New Statesman* is now on sale in the main city centre shops (station bookstalls, John Menzies, W. H. Smith, etc) in **MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL** and **LEEDS** from **THURSDAY** mid-morning onwards. The *NS* has been available in London on Thursdays for many years and if this experiment is a success we hope to increase the number of towns where we can offer this earlier distribution.

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Labour MPs sit tight

REPORTS of 'up to 20' Labour MPs being under threat of deselection filled the press after Tony Benn's by-election victory in Chesterfield, although the Labour Party's process of reselecting sitting MPs to fight the next general election doesn't start until 10 December.

Local Labour Party opinion, however, suggests that only one MP is likely to go — John Silkin in Deptford. Four other MPs whose names have been bandied about — not least, perhaps, by the MPs themselves to galvanise their supporters — look as though they can survive the hostility of their local parties.

Peter Shore, Gerald Kaufman and Frank Field all believe in multilateral nuclear disarmament while their local parties take a unilateralist line. But in all three cases both sides have learned to live with their differences. The mood for reselection has changed with the departure of SDP members and the alarming consequences of public disunity.

Opponents of Peter Shore, shadow leader of the House of Commons, in Bethnal Green and Stepney are divided and a substantial 'old right' rump remains.

Gerald Kaufman, a front bench home affairs spokesperson, faces a two-to-one left wing majority on his general committee. Yet the old Ardwick constituency, which makes up part of modern Gorton, was if anything more left-wing and still voted to reselect him in 1981.

Frank Field in Birkenhead is seen locally as 'a very good constituency MP', and is beginning to adopt a higher profile on issues such as the NHS and local government to compensate for his views on disarmament, incomes policy and council house sales for which he has been attacked by the Trotskyist-dominated *Merseyside Labour Briefing.*

Trotskyists, in the form of the Militant Tendency, are also strong in the Greenwich, South London, constituency of the fourth MP, Guy Barnett. Last week Militant ousted the constituency chair, former Tribunite fixer Jon Lansman, in alliance with the trade union delegates. But it is thought unlikely that the trade union delegates would support Militant in any move to push through deselection in a full general committee meeting.

Militant is also strong in Deptford, South London, the most likely deselection possibility, although the vote to get rid of John Silkin, the shadow defence minister, is likely to be much closer than has been suggested.

One factor that will make anything more than a couple of deselections unlikely is the trend towards wider democracy in the party, as general committee delegates may be mandated on the basis of branch ballots. On the other hand, if this practice spreads to the trade union delegates, it could break up the hold of the traditional right over parties with majority trade union representation, especially in North East England.

John Rentoul

More work, less pay on BR

THE RAILWAYS seem set for a summer of discontent as this year's pay negotiations near breakdown, almost before they have started.

For the first time ever, ASLEF, the drivers' union, and the National Union of Railwaymen submitted a joint claim, asking for a 'substantial' pay increase.

British Rail responded by saying that any pay increase would have to be linked to a productivity deal. It said that it wanted the unions to agree to an extension of driver-only operation on freight trains and commuter trains running out of King's Cross before discussing any pay claims.

This flies in the face of a resolution at last year's NUR annual meeting which vetoed any linking of pay and productivity. The NUR would have to call a special general meeting to try and change this policy.

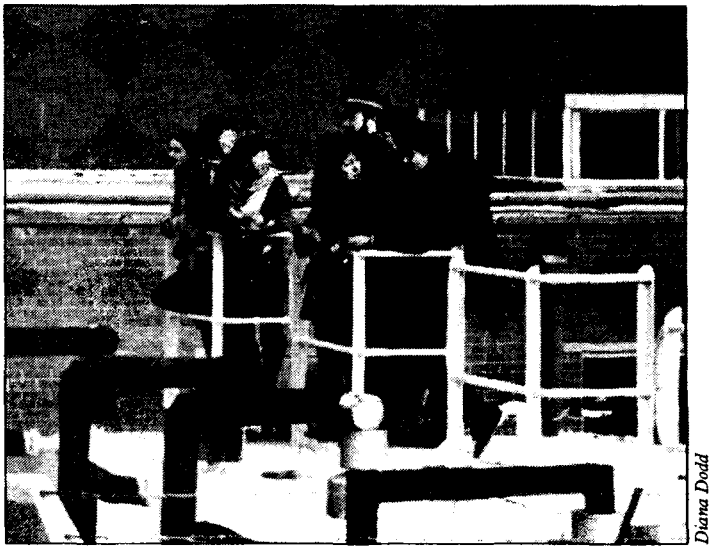
On Thursday this week the NUR and ASLEF meet to discuss their strategy. The ordinary railway worker has a basic weekly wage of £72. The unions say that a pay rise of £18.40 would be needed just to restore that wage to its 1975 level. (While railway workers' take-home pay has increased by 121 per cent since 1975 the chairman's pay increased by 172 per cent. BR chairman Bob Reid now earns £63,600.)

BR argues that these productivity issues were written into its corporate plan, which has now been approved by Transport Minister Nicholas Ridley, and that it cannot talk about pay unless it knows whether the corporate plan targets are likely to be achieved.

Although the positions of the unions and BR management are at present incompatible, memories of the bitter dispute over pay and productivity in 1982 are still fresh, and could make both sides reluctant to be intransigent.

Mick Hamer

Peace above and below ground



Diana Dodd

TEN WOMEN bearing daffodils and leeks (see above) broke into the Royal Ordnance Factory at Llanishen, Cardiff, in a St David's Day (1 March) protest. They climbed over barbed wire fences with ladders and three of them climbed on to the factory roof, from which they later claimed they were dragged down by police. They were then locked in a portable cabin before being released without charge. A spokeswoman for the group — 'Cardiff Women for Life on Earth' — said: 'There are fences around this factory to keep us out. There is also a wall of secrecy surrounding it. As taxpayers we have a right to know all that goes on there. What we do know is that ROF Llanishen is a key link in Britain's nuclear chain and it is in the heart of the capital of nuclear-free Wales.' ROF Llanishen makes the casings for Trident missiles.

Another group of peace protesters went underground last weekend and painted slogans like 'No bolt-holes for genocidal generals' on the walls of the five-storey RAF strike command bunker being built at Nap Hill near High Wycombe. Others of the group occupied four cranes at the site. Sean Hawkey, who occupied the tallest crane, claims he was punched and kicked as he was ejected by employees of Taylor Woodrow, the construction company, in full view of Ministry of Defence police. The underground moles say Taylor Woodrow men used compressed air equipment to create a 'dust-storm' in an attempt to get them out. They were eventually dragged out by MoD police. A Taylor Woodrow spokesperson said that their men had been 'continuing with their work in the basement area'. An MoD spokesperson said he was 'not aware' of any violence having taken place, although he agreed that MoD police are obliged just like civil police to prevent common assault.

Out of sight...

On 21 July 1983, in answer to a Parliamentary question, the Home Secretary, Leon Brittan, said: 'The use of police and court cells to hold prisoners is one of the most worrying day-to-day problems in the penal system. Prisoners held by the police cannot get all the facilities to which they would be entitled in prison, and they represent a burden that the police should not be expected to bear. I do not intend to allow the present practice to become a permanent feature of the criminal justice scene. . .I am determined to ensure, subject to unforeseen circumstances the use of police cells is eliminated before the end of the year' (i.e. 31.12.83).

The number of prisoners held in police and court cells in February 1984 is as follows:

February	Total
1/2	128
2/3	106
3/6	139
6/7	152
7/8	132
8/9	140
9/10	116
10/13	122
13/14	120
14/15	107
15/16	92
16/17	115
17/20	142
20/21	181
21/22	213
22/23	193
23/24	189
24/27	203
27/28	260
28/29	230
29/1 March	214

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Racism in Bradford — new reports

ALREADY HIGHLY-CHARGED race relations in Bradford will be further tested with the recent arrival of two new reports.

One is a study on racism in schools by the Asian Youth Movement, requested by the Bradford Education Department last December after racist attacks in city schools. The study calls for a shift from a vague concept of multi-cultural education to a positive policy of anti-racism. It recognises that this needs fundamental changes in attitudes and practice — plus Council money to set up an anti-racist unit and anti-racist resource centre.

Following last weekend's attacks on a Sikh, which resulted both in his being sent to hospital and the cutting off of his beard (and the black community is now anticipating more attacks by whites) the Education Department's reaction will be awaited with great interest.

The other report, which has just come to the attention of the Education Department is the current issue of *Salisbury Review*, a Cambridge-based magazine edited by 'Mrs Thatcher's philosopher' Roger Scruton. It contains an article written by Bradford head teacher Ray Honeyford, entitled 'Education and race — an alternative view'. Although Mr Honeyford admits that he finds it diffcult to write 'honestly and openly' of his experiences 'and the reflections they evoke, since the race relations lobby is extremely powerful in State Education' he nevertheless succeeds in insulting Sikhs, Moslems, Pakistanis, Afro-Caribbeans and generally the whole of the Indian subcontinent.

Mr Honeyford, head of Drummond Middle School, argues that 'if a school contains a disproportionate number of children for whom English is a second language (true of all Asian children, even those born here) or children from homes where educational ambition and the values that support it are conspicuously absent (i.e. the vast majority of West Indian homes — a disproportionate number of which are fatherless), then academic standards are bound to suffer.' (His parentheses). The first volume of the *Salisbury Review* got instant publicity with its call for compulsory repatriation.

Meanwhile, the Asian Youth Movement study emphasises that it is better for all subjects in the school curriculum to take anti-racism on board, rather than creating a new low-status subject to contain it. It also recommends the development of anti-racist teaching materials; training for all school staff — including those who do not teach; protection of the victims of racial harassment and the sacking of racist staff.

Dave Harrison

No charges in bike bag secrets case

AFTER SPENDING less than a week reviewing a Scotland Yard Special Branch report on the 'restricted' army manual and three other documents taken from *New Statesman* writer Duncan Campbell during his bicycle accident, and after a search of his house, the Director of Public Prosecutions has announced that 'he does not consider it would be suitable to institute criminal proceedings'.

The DPP's decision was announced late last week. Scotland Yard thereafter issued a statement purporting to justify their seizure of Campbell's possessions after the accident as being necessary for 'safe keeping'. (In fact, Campbell and other *NS* staff repeatedly asked for the property to be returned). Checking the property later, a uniformed officer is said to have noticed one 'restricted' document and an architect's plan of a Ministry of Defence building.

These documents were referred to the Special Branch. Scotland Yard said: 'In the light of this evidence police were duty bound to investigate the matter fully', and so they obtained a warrant to search Campbell's house, while he was still in hospital.

The 'architect's plan' — of a new Ministry of Defence bunker at RAF Bentley Priory, in north west London — was in fact used in a *NS* story on 6 January this year. No police inquiries were made at that time. The plan was, moreover, unclassified. The 'restricted' document (on civil defence planning) was a copy made officially by the GLC, where Campbell is a co-opted member of the committee dealing with civil defence. The police have made no enquiries about this document either.

The police have offered no explanation as to why they refused to hand back any of Campbell's property taken in for 'safe keeping' for more than 24 hours; nor have they explained why they refused to hand back 137 other papers until threatened with a court order six days later. When Campbell's bicycle was returned, it had been labelled 'Not to be restored without the authority (of the) Special Branch'. ■

MISCELLANY

Endangered species

Reports a month ago in the *Daily* and *Sunday Telegraph* gave the impression that the police were about to pounce on the person who leaked the document about military nuclear waste dumping to Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace last year (see *NS* 2 September 1983 and 10 February 1984). But since the police raid on the offices of the two pressure groups on 6 February, no one has been charged. In fact the police have told senior officials in the Ministry of

Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (the suspected source of the leak) that they are *not* close to finding a culprit. We wish the mole — whoever he or she might be — continued anonymity.

Left too late

Former Labour Euro-MP Michael Gallagher, who defected to the SDP in January, has discovered that he won't be getting any money out of the European Parliament to finance his campaign in the June elections. He defected too late for the budget to be altered. Even worse, he has now joined the 'group for the technical co-ordination and defence of independent groups and members', which is full of exactly the sort of people that he was trying to get away from in the Labour Party. The technical co-ordination group includes five violently anti-Common Market members from Denmark and various Italian left-wingers, such as the unambiguous Proletarian Unity Party. The one Euro-MP you might have expected him to get on with, Doeke Eisna, lone Dutch social democrat, will have nothing to do with the group and remains completely independent.

One person one vote

Now that reselection is back in the news, it is instructive to learn how the Russians do it. Last week's *Soviet Weekly* explained that local notables are put forward by groups of workers and voluntary organisations. Meetings are then held to discuss the qualities of each candidate and 'no punches are pulled in examining the shortcomings of persons put forward'. One person is then selected as the candidate to go forward to another round of meetings on a constituency-wide basis at which the candidate is chosen. It all sounds wonderfully democratic but there's a catch: there is only one name on the ballot paper. Far from being evidence that 'Soviet elections are undemocratic', *Soviet Weekly* assures us 'the truth, however, is the reverse'.

Another riddle

Nicholas Ridley is rapidly acquiring the mantle of the minister who has least understanding of his subject. Our other-worldly Secretary of State for Transport recently had lunch with a lot of bus operators. Introduced to one municipal bus operator, he enquired: 'And how many of your drivers own their own buses?' Buses, for those who haven't bought one recently, cost more than £70,000. About twice as much as a Rolls-Royce, which might be Ridley's choice of transport.

Digging themselves in

The anti-nuclear lobby has been befriended from unlikely quarters in its fight against radioactive waste dumping. Two possible sites have been pinpointed by the government in its search for low and intermediate nuclear waste burial grounds. One of them is in clay fields at Elstow, Bedfordshire. But a local Tory councillor, Mike Dewar, has caused considerable embarrassment by digging up figures to prove that the clay does not match the safety depth of 18 metres previously specified by the nuclear industry.

Now the Nuclear Industry Radioactive Waste Executive (Nirex) has hastily decided to change the ground rules. The Executive's Dr Ian Blair informed a meeting at Wooton, Bedfordshire, that they are considering burial at nine metres — with a further 12-metre covering by mounds of earth. This topsoil, however, would be extremely permeable whereas clay is used specifically because of its impermeability.

Meanwhile, Nirex is facing even tougher opposition to its plans to use another site in a disused mine in Billingham, Teeside. The owners of the mine, ICI, have come under intense pressure from local opposition and so announced last week that they would refuse to sell the mine to the government or co-operate in any way.

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St Pancras to close

BRITISH RAIL is planning to close St Pancras station. The closure proposal comes in un unpublished BR study to be considered by the government this summer.

If the plan goes ahead it will cause considerable disruption to the 35,000 passengers who use the station daily. And commuter train passengers could face service cuts and higher fares.

British Rail wants to close the terminal, which was built in 1865 and is now a listed building, because of government pressure to make a profit on its inter-city services. They have to make a five per cent return on assets by 1988, and suffer from competition from coaches, which do not face such stiff financial targets.

BR's plan is to divert trains from Sheffield and Nottingham to the east coast line at Grantham, and thence to King's Cross. This has the added attraction for BR of improving the financial returns on the east coast line, which would help to persuade the government to approve BR's £120 million long-cherished plan to electrify the line. Passengers from Derby and Leicester would also end up at King's Cross, which is only a matter of yeards away from St Pancras. A new link would divert St Pancras inter-city trains into King's Cross.

The reason that these diversions show up as savings is due to BR's byzantine accountancy. First, if inter-city trains are taken off the track between Nottingham and Loughborough it can be closed or used for local services which will not be charged to inter-city.

Second, there will be fewer inter-city trains using the St Pancras to Derby line, so the inter-city network will be 'charged' less for its maintenance. However, the rest of the bill will be picked up by London commuter trains. While they are not forced to make a profit, they are under considerable pressure to reduce losses, which indicates that the tab will in the end be paid by the commuter through higher fares or cuts in services.

Third, closure will relieve BR inter-city of running costs of St Pancras. If BR sells the station for redevelopment, it will face real opposition. The building was designed by the famous Victorian architect Sir Gilbert Scott, a leader of the gothic revival, who also built the Albert Memorial. Under Sir Peter Parker, BR started a clean-up job, only to run out of money, leaving one side bright brick, and the rest with 100 years of grime.

The old Midland Hotel, part of the building, stands empty. Only last week, Eagle Star insurance company pulled out of a deal to convert the hotel into offices, saying that the costs of converting a listed interior were too great.

BR confirmed that it was thinking of closing St Pancras. A spokesman said: 'It is just one of the options that are being looked at. It has not been considered by the BR board.'

Mick Hamer

St Pancras station, London: a listed gothic building

Bill threatens squatters

A MOVE TO KEEP strange men out of the Queen's bedroom could put thousands of squatters at risk of eviction.

A private member's Bill has been introduced with the support of Home Secretary Leon Brittan. It arises from a Home Office consultation document that examined ways of plugging the loophole which made it impossible for Michael Fagin to be prosecuted for entering Buckingham Palace.

The Bill makes it an offence to trespass in occupied, or partly-occupied buildings. Unfortunately, the Bill has been drafted in such a way as to be unclear about what is covered. Barrister David Watkinson, an expert in squatting law, told the *New Statesman:* 'By including buildings which are partly occupied, the Bill could be interpreted to include flats in blocks where there are already tenants. A great number of squatters would be affected.' The Bill should make it clear that it only applies to occupied accommodation, he added.

Although trespass is not an offence in England and Wales, the 1977 Criminal Law Act made it a crime to squat in premises that are occupied or about to be let. It also made it illegal to trespass in embassy or consular property. Although prosecutions under the Act have been rare, it has been used to deter squatters by some local authorities.

The new Bill, introduced by Lord Onslow in the House of Lords last week, was given an unopposed second reading and, since it has so far been considered uncontroversial, sufficient time may be found in the Commons for it to be passed.

Christian Wolmar

Journalist protects sources

A JOURNALIST on *The Scotsman* refused to reveal the source of a leak of confidential police files when she was questioned by the Lothians procurator fiscal (public prosecutor) last week. Ms Sarah Nelson and her immediate boss, features editor Jim Seaton, have also refused to be fingerprinted by the police.

The leaked documents — police criminal intelligence records — were described by Richard Kinsey in the *New Statesman* on 13 January 1984. They provided a fascinating insight into police methods and showed how easy it was to end up on police files. Their publication was a matter of acute embarrassment for the police.

According to *The Scotsman,* the files were found on a rubbish tip at Craigmillar in Edinburgh and handed to Ms Nelson by a member of the public. In declining to reveal that person's identity in the course of a formal two-hour interview with the procurator fiscal, Ms Nelson risks being charged with an offence under the Criminal Procedure (Scotland) Act and fined £50. In her defence she cited clause seven of the National Union of Journalists' code of conduct which requires journalists to 'protect confidential sources of information'.

The fiscal, Mr Douglas Allan, now has some tricky decisions to make. He is unwilling to challenge a journalist, but needs to know the identity of Ms Nelson's informant in order to complete his investigations and decide whether any charges should be brought against anyone. He is expected to decide on his next move within a couple of weeks.

The police believe that the files were stolen from police premises by someone who was not employed by the police authority. Before they submitted their report to the procurator fiscal, they interrogated Ms Nelson, Mr Seaton and *The Scotsman* editor Eric Mackay. Police officers asked to fingerprint Ms Nelson and Mr Seaton in order to establish whose prints were on the documents. In spite of a police promise to destroy the fingerprint records afterwards, the journalists still felt they had to decline.

Rob Edwards

AA activist arrested

ANDY HIGGINBOTTOM, a well-dressed, well-paid computer programmer has been arrested for looking like a 'semi-vagrant'. The arresting officer suspected him of having stolen the new shoulder bag he was carrying.

Once in the station, Higginbottom was not questioned about the bag. He was, however, charged with assaulting a police officer.

Higginbottom is an activist in London's Anti-Apartheid group and had previously been arrested on 10 February at a weekly picket outside South Africa House in Trafalgar Square. His second arrest took place after he had spoken at a Youth CND rally on 3 March, also in Trafalgar Square.

An A Division officer ask to speak to him as he left the rally. When he refused, the officer replied: "All right, Mr Higginbottom', even though he had not been announced by name. When he was leaving the rally at 2pm he was arrested in Charing Cross Underground station — by another A Division officer.

He is appealing for witnesses. Contact: City AA, BM Box City AA, London WC1N 3XX.

Terry O'Halloran

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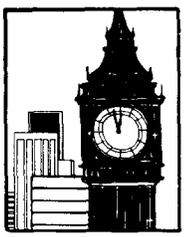

PETER KELLNER Political Editor

Party democracy: don't try the back door — it's locked

THINGS HAVE come to a pretty pass when old speeches can be recycled as new scandal. Last weekend's newspapers made much ado about Tony Benn's 'hard-line manifesto', as the *Sunday Times* described his 'confidential' draft of a policy paper for the Campaign Group of Labour MPs. At a quick glance I could see no material difference between what Benn is saying now from what he said in the speeches reprinted in *Arguments for Democracy**. For example, the newspapers have revealed such shocking passages as the following in the 'new' paper:

> The fact that the armed forces, and the civil service and the judges and the bishops, all swear an oath of allegiance to the Crown and only owe their allegiance to Parliament through the Crown could have a major part to play in certain circumstances.

Appearing in a paper cloaked in confidentiality, that is the sort of thing to get any right-wing editor's adrenalin flowing. Would it be the same, I wonder — actually, I don't wonder, I know the answer perfectly well — if a reporter went to his news editor and said, 'Hold the front page; here is something Tony Benn said publicly more than two years ago':

> Both the courts and the armed forces swear their allegiance to the Crown and not the elected government . . . The Lords' veto, the prerogatives of the Crown to dismiss and dissolve, and the loyalties of the courts and services . . . might all be used to defend the status quo against the parliamentary majority elected to transform it.

And so on through the rest of Benn's shopping list: Prime Ministerial patronage, the power of Brussels, the presence of American bases, etcetera etcetera. Benn's analysis may be rigorous or faulty, sane or loopy; but new it isn't. What would be fresh would be a commitment by Benn to an extension of democracy within the Labour Party on such matters as the selection of parliamentary candidates — something along the lines of: 'Our task, if we want a more responsible party, is to give responsibility to ordinary members'.

Benn has not (yet) said that; but he has said something rather similar. In the early 1970s he argued for workers' control for Upper Clyde Shipbuilders. Substitute 'society' for 'party', and 'people' for 'members', and you have the key sentence in a speech he gave at a UCS rally.

THE ISSUE of internal party democracy will rumble on long after the row over last weekend's 'leak' has died down. Handled properly, the party democracy debate could help to improve Labour's image and stimulate its membership. But if the debate is botched and the issues of principle blurred, the party could find itself haemorrhaging from the kind of divisions that caused so much damage in 1980 and 1981.

In the last few days the issue has resurfaced because of fears that Gerald Kaufman, Peter Shore and John Silkin might not be reselected (see p.4). These fears have prompted suggestions, floated anonymously in the press, that the rules governing reselection might be changed this year, to broaden the basis of selection to one-member-one-vote (OMOV). The urgency arises because constituency parties are free to start the reselection process this coming December; so any change in the rules would have to be agreed at Blackpool this autumn.

After initial stories saying that a constitutional amendment would be tabled, a revised version of the plan started circulating to the effect that the National Executive would simply redraw its guidelines advising constituencies on the detailed procedure, and so avoid the risk of a blood-letting at conference. Broadly, the argument runs that many local parties adopted the OMOV principle in determining their vote last autumn on the leadership and deputy leadership of the party; all that is needed now is a new set of guidelines permitting parties to do the same when they select their candidates.

Would that it were so simple. There is a crucial difference between the way a local party decides who to support for the party leadership and the way it decides who to select as its candidate. It has the freedom to devise its own procedure on the first question, but little freedom on the second. As a result, OMOV has been able to develop organically in leadership elections; but without a specific constitutional change, OMOV would be illegal for candidate selection.

Clause XIV of the *Rules for Constituency Labour Parties and Branches* is quite specific. (This is the rule that was changed in 1980 to bring in mandatory reselection for sitting MPs.) Branches and affiliated organisations, such as local union branches, nominate candidates. The constituency's executive committee considers the nominations and may recommend a shortlist to the General Committee. The GC may then amend the shortlist; but a sitting MP is guaranteed a place on it if s/he wishes. A special nomination metting is then called to choose the candidate: 'When a vote is necessary to determine which nomination is to be sent to the National Executive Committee for endorsement, it shall be taken by an eliminating ballot on the basis of one delegate one vote.'

Any GC that voted to have an OMOV selection to choose its candidate — whether by holding a mass meeting for all its members, or a series of binding ward votes, or by a postal ballot — would breach that rule. The party's constitution requires GC delegates to vote in an elimination ballot. However much they may wish to subcontract that decision, they are not allowed to. Nor could any change in the NEC's guidelines permit such a change. The guidelines merely amplify the constitution: they cannot be used to override it.

Nor can the system be changed, except by constitutional amendment, to require GC delegates to act in accordance with the wishes of their branches. In Hemel Hempstead two years ago a number of GC delegates voted for Paul Boateng, even though their wards supported the town's former MP, Robin Corbett. The NEC found that the GC delegates had acted fully within their rights. (Corbett went on to fight and win Birmingham Erdington, while Boateng came third in the new constituency of Herts West; but that's another story.)

What *can* be done under the present rules is to make it slightly easier to save sitting MPs from the rigours of a contested reselection. It is open to GCs now to decide to have a shortlist of one. The guidelines could be redrawn to encourage this procedure at the nomination stage. But the change could only be a slight one: any GC has the right to reject a proposal to have a shortlist of one, and to reinstate any valid nomination.

For anyone hoping to avoid both the spectacle of Shore and Kaufman being challenged *and* the risks of a constitutional battle, I am afraid the news is gloomy. But in the longer run, it may be just as well. Some things in politics are best done gradually, quietly, even by stealth. Other things, to do with democratic principles, should be done in the open. The two principles worth seeking rule changes to achieve are: first, that a sitting MP should only face a reselection contest by the decision of a majority of individual party members taking part in some kind of OMOV ballot; and second that GCs should be permitted and encouraged to involve as many members as possible in any contested selection.

Two standard objections are made to these ideas. The less worthy objection is that 'ordinary' members might be unduly influenced by the media. True, they might: the answer, as Benn argued at Upper Clyde Shipbuilders, is to spread responsibility, and hence socialist enlightenment, rather than to limit it. The more principled objection is that the GC is the basic building block of a party structure based on the idea of delegated authority; to broaden the franchise for candidate selection would be to violate that principle. Well, yes, it would be a major change. And for that very reason it should be done openly and explicitly, and not quietly through the back door. □

*Published by Jonathan Cape, 1981, £6.95.

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THE BUDGET

Monetarism's political death

Steadier prices and honest money are essential conditions for recovery... We shall continue to set out a responsible financial strategy which will gradually reduce the growth of money in circulation — and so go on bringing inflation down.

Tory election manifesto 1983

Next Tuesday, 13 March, Nigel Lawson will present his first Budget. Whatever else the Chancellor plans to say, the draft he will be touching up this week-end will include as confident an assertion as he can manage that the government's economic strategy is on target and that he is sticking to the so-called Medium Term Financial Strategy — which is supposed to have been the basis of Tory economic policy since 1979. The theory underlying the policy is that less money produces less inflation. It has been the reason for Tory preoccupations with levels of government spending and of public sector borrowing. The whole theory is based on the work of one American economist, Professor Milton Friedman — the guru of monetarism. But now a study by two highly respected economists, published this year by the Bank of England, proves that Friedman's central theory is totally unsupported even by his own evidence. In advance of Mr Lawson's speech, Gavin Davies reviews the evidence, finally proving that monetarism has no clothes

RARELY CAN a Nobel Laureate have suffered such a technical mauling as that recently meted out to Professor Milton Friedman for his work on UK monetary trends. [1] In a paper submitted to the Bank of England Academic Panel, David Hendry and Neil Ericsson of Nuffield College accuse Friedman of procedural failings which would shame an undergraduate; while a reexamination of his data, using modern econometric techniques, breaks down virtually all the key monetarist propositions in the intestines of Nuffield's computer. The Bank is to be congratulated on its spasm of open government in deciding to publish a paper of such clear political, as well as economic importance. [2]

Hendry and Ericsson deny that they have written an 'anti-monetarist polemic'. Well, it is certainly not a polemic, but those strict monetarists who have taken refuge behind Friedman's empirical 'evidence' must be feeling dangerously exposed. For the very quality of bold assertion which has made monetarist thinking so attractive to politicians could now prove to be its academic undoing. Strong claims require equally strong evidence to support them. That evidence, it now appears, is missing.

Friedman has repeatedly argued that his basic idea — that inflation is always and everywhere a monetary phenomenon — should be accepted as a *universal* truth. Since he believes that output is wholly unaffected in the long term by changes in money and since the amount of money people want to hold is taken to be a stable function of their income, any rise in the quantity of money must spill into higher prices. Why? Because a jump in the money stock, with income unchanged, will not be willingly held by the public. Instead, it will be spent on goods and services. But output (assumed to be determined by other factors) will not change, so prices must rise. Inflation can then be caused or cured *only* by monetary policy.

These are extremely strong claims, but they are not the product of irrefutable logic: whether or not they hold is strictly an empirical matter. In Friedman's 1982 book, he presents data for the UK (and the USA) extending back over a century and claims that his central beliefs are supported by this evidence. He finds that one cycle to another, money demand is a stable function of income, that output is independent of monetary conditions and that prices are determined only by the money supply.

QED? Not quite. Although in many ways Friedman's detective work is impressive, the Nuffield economists believe that he has restricted himself to the use of the magnifying glass when modern forensic tests were readily available — and the forensic evidence calls for a re-trial. The Nuffield accusations range from the disarmingly simple to the exceedingly complex. Friedman, they say, has suppressed much useful evidence by his procedure of studying data which has been averaged over a period of years, when techniques exist to study the full richness of the annual data in its original form. He asserts that his relationships are stable across a century, but then fails to look at the well-known tests which could and do refute this assertion. He presents causal relationships which probably owe more to coincidental trends than any systematic co-variation in money and prices. (In econometric jargon, he fails to eliminate correlation between the residuals which his models cannot explain. As all students of econometrics should know, this invalidates the relationships under discussion and suggests that one or more important

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explanatory variables has been omitted.)

Hendry and Ericsson then go further, suggesting a complex testing mechanism which the former has developed over many years as a basis for evaluating economic hypotheses. They find that Friedman's evidence, not surprisingly, fails to support the sweeping claims that he and his supporters continue to make. On the other hand, they refrain from suggesting a definitive alternative which unreservedly succeeds where monetarism fails.

HERE it is possible to have some sympathy for Friedman. The full Hendry methodology is so demanding that few pieces of empirical economic work — certainly not the Treasury model — would survive its scrutiny. But the Chicago propositions fall at a much simpler fence than the Beecher's Brook constructed by Hendry. In another Bank of England Panel paper, less publicised but almost as devastating as Hendry's, Arthur Brown takes an arithmetic and graphical look at Friedman's data. His conclusions are subtle, but, on the critical question of whether Friedman makes his case that UK experience supports a simple monetarist model, his summary is clear enough: 'In a word, no.' Money and prices are only loosely related and only over very long periods, measured in decades rather than years. Nor is there any reason to believe that causation always runs in the monetarist direction, from money to prices. The reverse, says Brown, is equally probable.

The economist's long run, it is sometimes remarked, is the democratic politician's death sentence. If so, then Friedman's long run would see off a succession of politicians and, meanwhile, consign generations to suffer needless unemployment as the economy is left to 'equilibrate'. It is therefore surprising that so many governments in so many countries continue to espouse variations of the Chicago faith. Even where clear departures from restrictive monetarist policies have quickly led to economic revival — such as in the USA and UK in 1982-83 — politicians seem compelled to describe these episodes as successes for monetarism, rather than for its reversal. Falling inflation is also described as a monetarist success — even when preceded (as in Britain) by continuing rapid monetary growth — and opponents who argue for further economic stimulus do so shamefacedly and somehow fail to carry conviction with their electorates.

All this clearly demonstrates just how successful the Chicago selling tactics have been for almost two decades. By repeating over-simplified propositions with force and clarity, they gained the minds first of academics, then of conservatives, then of the political centre. But now the steady process of eroding their conventional wisdom can begin. A proven alternative may not be available straight from the shelf, but at last an academic fight-back to the homespun 'truths' of Chicago is under way. Their truths are true no longer. □

1. M. Friedman and A.J. Schwarz's Monetary Trends in the USA and UK: Their Relationship to Income, Prices and Interest Rates, 1967-1975 (1982) Chicago University Press.

2. Assertion without empirical basis, Neil Ericsson & David Hendry. Bank of England Panel Paper No. 20.

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TOBACCO INDUSTRY

Smoke screen

Phil Cohen and Graham Anderson on the intense lobbying to hold down the tax increase on cigarettes in next week's Budget

HEAVY CIGARETTE smoking is rather good for the health of the economy. It brings in £4,000 million in taxes a year — far more than the £155 million it costs to care for people in the few months it takes them to die of lung cancer — or even the long years dying slowly of chronic bronchitis and heart disease. Indeed, such premature deaths save the state millions in unpaid pensions and unneeded geriatric care.

It will surprise no one therefore if Chancellor Nigel Lawson makes sure in next Tuesday's Budget that the price of cigarettes does not rise beyond the reach of the ordinary man and, increasingly, woman, not to mention child. (Child smokers spend an estimated £60 million a year on cigarettes, of which the government pockets almost three quarters in tax.)

For the tobacco lobby and the ideologues of the Tory party, limiting the price increase for cigarettes to the rate of inflation will be a famous victory for their curious notion of 'freedom of choice'. Or is it ideology? Behind the 'freedom' placards lies a system of wining and dining government officials and civil servants that, although it does not amount to bribery, would certainly seem aimed at corrupting the free formation of opinion.

There is now virtually no disagreement over the ill effects on health of smoking. Mrs Thatcher is on record as saying:

> My health ministers and I are in no doubt that smoking is the major preventable cause of illness and premature death in the UK, and that national and international medical opinion is strongly in favour of a ban on all forms of advertising and promotion for tobacco.

In the summer of 1981, the health minister Sir George Young ('wet' and strongly anti-cigarette) was busily drawing plans for much tougher government restrictions on cigarette advertising. He was moved to the Department of Environment. Although he himself denies that this was because of pressure from the tobacco industry, critics of the pervasive influence of the lobby remain sceptical. His successor, John Patten, has not taken up Sir George's plans where he left them.

After acknowledging the damage caused by smoking, Mrs Thatcher added: 'We in the UK have a tradition of proceeding by consent rather than legislation in such matters.' This consent is contained in the Voluntary Agreements drawn up between the DHSS, the tobacco importers and the Tobacco Advisory Council, which is dominated by the Big Four tobacco companies: Imperial, Gallaher, Carreras Rothman and British American Tobacco. But, because the restrictions are partial, cigarette promotion has flowed round the edge into cunning adverts and sponsorship. The brand names have as high a profile as ever.

Camera Press

Mrs and Mr Thatcher: cigarette (bottom right) courtesy of Imperial, Gallaher, Carreras Rothman or British American Tobacco

Crucial to the companies' fight against any sort of legal restrictions are their close contacts with government committees and civil servants dealing with smoking issues. In 1973 the DHSS set up the so-called independent scientific advisory committee on smoking and health. It still exists today. Until 1980 it was known as the

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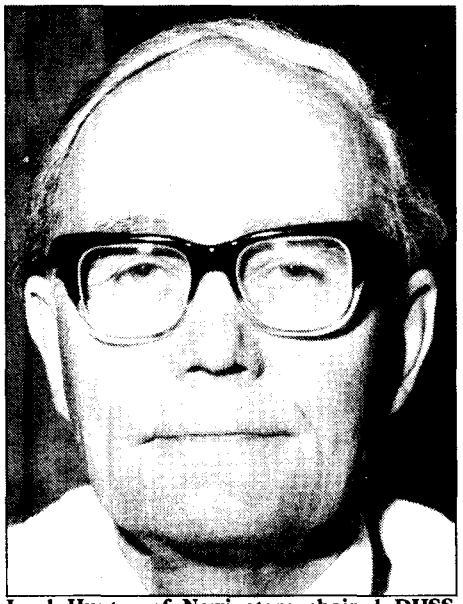

UPP

Lord Hunter of Newington: chaired DHSS committee on smoking until 1980 — he is now a consultant to Imperial Tobacco

Hunter Committee after its chairman Lord Hunter of Newington. The scientific secretary to the committee was DHSS civil servant Dr Andrew Nelmes. Its work involved liaising closely with the industry and during this period it called for small reductions in the tar content of cigarettes.

In 1980 Lord Hunter's term on the committee ended. Today he is a consultant to Imperial Tobacco. Dr Nelmes now works for Gallahers — makers of Benson and Hedges and Silk Cut among others — at its head office in central London as research co-ordinator and bioscientist.

Links are best forged informally. Every year British American Tobacco, which make, among other brands, 'Kim' and 'Du Maurier', plays host at the Wimbledon tennis championships to government ministers, civil servants, MPs and diplomatic representatives. The company has entertained at least 36 members of the civil service 'and their wives' at the tennis championships between 1978 and 1981 along with eight members of the Diplomatic Service. (BAT said, in 1981, that it has bought 50 places a day — 600 in all — for the use of favoured guests. There will be seats again this year for government officials.)

The civil servants who attended worked at the Treasury, the Department of Energy, the Cabinet Office, the Department of Industry, the Ministry of Agriculture, the Customs and Excise Department, the Inland Revenue and the Department of the Environment.

Lord Ennals, formerly David Ennals, Labour's Social Services Secretary, is now a fierce critic of the tobacco lobby. 'It shocks me' he says 'that the industry should seek to do its business by this method.' The Labour peer admits, with regret, that when Secretary of State he accepted an invitation to attend an opera production at the socially exclusive Glyndbourne, sponsored by tobacco company money. Why? 'It was when we were negotiating the last voluntary agreement. I had no reason not to keep on good terms with the tobacco industry'.

His criticism comes after he has left those pressured circles. Shortly after the 1979 general election health minister Dr Gerard Vaughan went to Glyndebourne as a guest of Imperial Tobacco. He said at the time: 'It would be wrong to suggest that I am in the industry's pocket. There were other MPs at the Glyndebourne production.' In House of Commons debates Dr Vaughan has strongly endorsed the industry's demand for freedom to advertise its product and noted its contribution to sport and the arts. This year Imperial is sponsoring Richard Strauss's *Arabella* at Glyndebourne.

Hospitality from tobacco companies flows out in various forms. On 15 February this year, Imperial Tobacco held its annual lunch in the House of Lords attended by between 40 and 50 MPs and hosted by Lord Cullen of Ashbourne who, like Lord Hunter, is one of Imperial's consultants.

Among those present were Labour's chief whip Michael Cocks, whose Bristol constituency includes Imperial's head office, Tory MP Teddy Taylor, Doug Grieve, general secretary of the Tobacco Workers Union and Ray Martin, its president. Imperial executive Andrew Reid made a speech arguing that the Chancellor should make no dramatic increases in cigarette taxation.

JUST 24 hours earlier, the anti-smoking lobby in Parliament met to plan its future strategy. MPs opposed to cigarette sponsorship have been muted since it became clear that this government would oppose legislation. But now an all-party group for action on smoking and health has been reformed with about 50 members. Its chairman is Tory Roger Sims, who replaces the long-time scourge of tobacco companies, Labour MP Laurie Pavitt.

On 24 March Laurie Pavitt is due to move yet another of his private member's Bills aimed at severely restricting the advertising and sponsorship of tobacco products. All his previous 16 efforts have been blocked by a group of about 20 MPs, mainly right-wing Tories, who either have cigarette factories in their constituencies or links with tobacco firms, whether direct or indirect. But the pro-industry lobby is not confined to one side of the House. Two Labour members who work as consultants are Roy Mason (Imperial) and Ted Garrett (BAT).

One member stoutly resisting the industry influence is Tory MP for South Suffolk, Tim Yeo, the former director of the Spastics Society. In recent months he has refused lunch invitations from Imperial and Gallahers. He says: 'I feel very strongly that I don't want to do anything which would encourage cigarette sales. I have written to the Chancellor urging him to increase tobacco taxation well above the rate of inflation, and to use the extra money to boost the maternity grant in order to highlight the smoking risks to pregnant women.'

THE TORY 'free choice' alternative is preventative health measures. But this government colluded with the Tobacco Advisory Council, the industry's lobby group, to set up the Health Promotion Research Trust last August. The trust was to receive £11 million of tobacco money for health research — provided the effects of smoking were not included in the programme.

The first choice as new head of public affairs at the Health Education Council — the body officially responsible for preventive health last August, was Mike Daube, former director of ASH. But the HEC's appointments committee was informed that Mr Daube was 'unacceptable' to ministers. This followed a meeting between HEC chairman, Sir Brian Bailey, and newly appointed junior health minister, John Patten. According to the then health minister Kenneth Clarke: 'There was no involvement from me personally and nothing improper from my officials as far as I know. But yes,' he added, 'ministers do give advice in these matters.'

Tobacco industry work is not confined to Westminster or Whitehall. Even at local level the lobby is highly active. In November 1982 Brent health authority became the first in the country to adopt a comprehensive no-smoking policy for its hospitals and staff and allocated £25,000 for funding.

A report said that in view of the financial situation, alternative sources of money, such as local industry, might be approached. This decision was reported in the local press.

On 7 December, Ken Walker-Hebborn, the personnel manager at Gallaher's office in Northolt, Middlesex, sent out a letter to companies in the area asking them to 'advise me if and when your company is approached. You will naturally realise my company's interest in these matters and I would appreciate any information that you have on this subject to be made known to me on a confidential basis.

'Naturally at this stage it is my wish to keep this matter at a low profile,' he added.

For a long time, tobacco industry supporters have actively promoted the least alarming facts: Tory MP and BAT Industries consultant Sir Anthony Kershaw has explained 'the new sort of cigarettes which are being marketed now are not nearly so harmful, if they're harmful at all, compared to the old ones.' And Tory Euro-MP and chairman of Rothmans International, Sir David Nicolson, has told the European Parliament that 'there is no medical evidence to prove that a few cigarettes, say 10 or 15 a day, are bad for you'.

Sir David gave up smoking last year on the advice of his doctors. □

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CHESTERFIELD

Mediaphobia blinds the Left

Bob Woffinden sums up the coverage of Benn's by-election campaign

IN THE END the juggernaut of media consensus that has been responsible for determining election results from Lincoln to Bermondsey — or so Tony Benn has repeatedly claimed — failed to roll in Chesterfield.

The acrimony between Benn and the media which many had expected never materialised. Five factors account for this: (a) a lingering sense of shame about Bermondsey. Even the most battle-scarred members of the press have displayed embarrassment about the wholly indefensible treatment of Peter Tatchell; (b) an acute awareness of Benn's hyper-sensitivity to the press. Reporters realised that the first to go beyond the journalistic pale would suffer public humiliation. In the *Sunday Times*, Hugo Young identified this factor as 'consummate intimidation of the media'; (c) the strength of the local press. With the regional papers — the *Morning Telegraph*, *Sheffield Star* and *Derbyshire Times* — giving the campaign conscientious coverage, the nationals could hardly invite invidious comparisons. (In Bermondsey, by contrast, the local press fell under the nearby Fleet Street dominance).

Benn's style of campaigning, scrupulous in most respects, was the fourth factor, for it immunised him from honest attack; leaving as the last factor the type of election fought by the Labour Party itself — one that had been characterised from the outset by a warmth and commitment across the breadth of the party. Benn's candidature was endorsed straight away by both John Golding (on *The World at One*) and Phillip Whitehead (in *The Times*). The campaign was developed not only with considerable professional skill but with simple common sense, a quality not invariably associated, one regrets to say, with Labour party electioneering. There were no own goals. In this context it must be remembered that, however virulent the media hostility in Bermondsey, two erstwhile senior Labour figures — Bob Mellish and Michael Foot himself — had handed the campaign to the press on a plate.

The argument that the anti-Labour tabloids backed off Benn because they positively wanted him to win (in order to scuttle the party's new-found harmony and rising popularity) can be discounted. Their editorial standards do not allow such Machiavellianism (or self-restraint).

The below-the-belt journalism was virtually confined to the Murdoch press, which was champing at the bit in the last few days, The *Sun*, the *Sunday Times* and *The Times* all provided *prima facie* examples of disreputable reporting. The *Sun* had Benn's character 'psycho-analysed' by an American doctor, an exercise that would have been in bad taste even if it had been faithfully reported; as Granada's *World in Action* made clear, however, the results were made up by the *Sun*. The *Sunday Times*, in a lead article to which no journalists would put their name had tried to link Benn and the by-election with unrelated occurrences of civil disorder; and *The Times* used a 'Labour Jitters' headline with a story that began 'Tony Benn is expected to romp home . . .'

TWO ASPECTS of the overall media coverage actually benefited Benn. The first was the general antagonism towards the Liberal candidate, Max Payne, regularly referred to in the *Daily Telegraph* as Gascoyne Payne, and variously described elsewhere as 'Mad Max' and 'Maximum Pain'.

Bill Maynard, independent Labour, received virtually no press coverage at all. For someone who was not only a television personality, but also a serious candidate, this was most unusual. He forfeited professional engagements in order to be able to stand, and in the end won a respectable number of votes. On *Newsnight*, Roy Hattersley actually combined this vote with Benn's to measure the true Labour poll. Yet Maynard was ignored by 'the media' who gave more attention to the number of TV names who turned out on the stump for Benn: Pat Phoenix, Anthony Booth, Colin Welland, Miriam Karlin, David Yipp, Bill Owen, et al.

The emotive terms in which the press has customarily dealt with Benn comprehensively backfired. Over recent years, Benn has been turning the media harassment of him to ever greater personal advantage, and the Chesterfield result was the ultimate vindication of this strategy. The press was so cowed it was no longer able to judge issues in terms of objective journalism, but only whether they were pro- or anti-Benn.

Nevertheless, media myths, of every hue, die hard. Several of Benn's acolytes, exhibiting symptoms of advanced mediaphobia, continued to react as though their mainman was being subjected to the slings and arrows of outrageous journalism. The Liberal camp must have been confounded when *Tribune* editor Chris Mullin, in a letter to the *Guardian*, accused the press of treating Payne with kid gloves.

On the other hand, the media itself refused — and is still refusing — to acknowledge the fresh frame of mind within the Labour Party. The desire for unity is genuine enough, and Benn has said or done nothing to undermine this. Since the internecine battles under Foot, the whole political spectrum has been adjusted, partly because the counter-extremism of the government is becoming increasingly hard to hide, and partly because of the rejuvenation of Labour's right wing in general and Denis Healey in particular. The latter has been a colossus on the political stage in recent months, and it is inconceivable that he would now be abused by rank-and-file Labour supporters as he was at Cardiff in 1981. The right now feels it can hold its own. 'The party's policy on Europe,' said Hattersley confidently on *Newsnight*, 'is now more mine that it is Benn's.' In such an atmosphere, it will be difficult for Benn to resume his philosophical stewardship of the party without appearing to be deliberately divisive.

It is nevertheless this angle which the press is continuing to pursue, although the collapse of the consensus view of Benn is indicated by the uncertain press reactions last weekend to his 'leaked' policy document. The *Sunday Times* was clearly baffled over what news 'framework' to present it in, as was the *Observer*, whose reference to a 'Kinnock Probe' was summarily dismissed by the *Daily Mirror* the next day.

The lasting significance of Chesterfield is not likely to be that it placed an incubus back within the parliamentary Labour Party, but that it marked a watershed in by-election campaigning. 'Benn has defied the trend towards the conduct of elections through the conduit of the press,' commented the *Daily Telegraph*, 'He has successfully reimposed the primacy of direct communication with the citizens.' To the evident dismay of the press, he proscribed discussion of matters not directly connected with Chesterfield.

The decision to abandon press conferences and concentrate instead on good photo-stories was sensibly designed to create the most favourable media impression. Benn, the scourge of the media, is also an expert manipulator of it. Even the *Daily Mail* applauded his 'formidable campaigning skills'.

The tunnel vision which afflicts the press was perfectly illustrated by the *Morning Star*, which throughout the campaign had continued to assert that Benn was the victim of media smears; and which subsequently hailed his victory as a triumph for pure socialism. In fact, during his campaign, Benn had ignored all the policies (disarmament, European withdrawal, House of Lords abolition) with which he has most enthusiastically identified himself in the past.

No one seemed to notice that Benn's campaign strategy — the overriding emphasis on local issues — echoed past successful *Liberal* campaigns. Similarly, the media failed to spot that the most significant aspect of the result was that the Liberals polled 35 per cent with a disastrous candidate. Next time they are unlikely to select one quite so conspicuously lacking media skills — or to allow his (or her) campaign to neglect party policies quite so blatantly. □

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JUSTICE

Aunt Annie's bomb kitchen

Christopher Price on the government's refusal to review a case which followed the Guildford pub bombing 10 years ago

IN DECEMBER 1974, Annie Maguire, her husband and two sons (one as young as 13) and three others were arrested, charged and convicted of making bombs, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment of 12 years of more. Some have now served their sentences. Annie Maguire remains inside.

Now, on Yorkshire TV's programme *First Tuesday,* which went out on 6 March, substantial doubt has once again been cast on the convictions in the 'Auntie Annie's bomb kitchen' case which followed the Guildford pub bombing in 1974.

One of those convicted, Guiseppe Conlon, a relative of the Maguires, died in Wormwood Scrubs in 1980. No bombs were ever found at the Maguire household, which was searched in only the most cursory manner. The prosecution's case depended solely on scrapings and swabs, which were allegedly taken from the finger-nails, hands and rubber gloves of the defendants.

These swabs (now destroyed) were taken at Paddington Green and Harrow Road police stations, and transported first to Scotland Yard and then to the Woolwich Arsenal laboratories. When they were tested, they proved positive under a test (now discarded) for nitroglycerine, called Thin Layer Chromatography (TLC). The test was carried out by an 18-year-old, and not confirmed by further experiments, in a way in which eminent forensic scientists insist they should have been.

I became involved with Sir John Biggs-Davison, the Conservative MP for Epping Forest and a former Tory spokesman in Northern Ireland, and Gerry Fitt, then MP for West Belfast, in the attempt to prove the innocence of Guiseppe Conlon. It was thought I could help because I had been able to help exonerate three young men in the Confait case, not by providing *new* evidence (there wasn't any), but by putting the scientific evidence on which they had been convicted in a new light. We hoped that we would be able to show the tests and the way they were carried out to be so unsatisfactory as *proof* of handling nitroglycerine, that we could convince the Home Secretary that the Conlon verdict (and, by implication, all of the others) was unreliable. We failed. Just before Christmas, David Mellor, the Home Office minister now responsible for reviewing miscarriages of justice, rejected our representations.

The Yorkshire TV programme graphically spelt out the puzzle which this case presents. An utterly loyal former British soldier (Patrick Maguire) who had lived in Britain for 20 years; his wife Annie who couldn't mend a fuse; their two teenage sons and their lodger; a neighbour, who popped in because his wife was having a difficult pregnancy; and an invalid relative, Guiseppe Conlon, who had just arrived from Ireland (having informed the RUC of his intentions) because of the arrest of his son Gerard — who later, under interrogation, was alleged to have named his Aunt Annie as a bomb-maker. There was no trace of either bombs or IRA involvement. Even at Guiseppe Conlon's funeral, the IRA were absent. The only evidence throughout was 'scientific' evidence of nitroglycerine.

More intriguing still, the leader of the 'Balcombe Street Four', Joseph O'Connell, unprecedentedly broke IRA practice to make a statement from the dock taking responsibility for the Guildford bombings and exonerating those (including Conlon junior) who had been convicted of the actual Guildford bombings. The Court of Appeal later decided that both (unconnected) groups were responsible for Guildford; this verdict served to bolster credibility in the Maguire convictions also.

Not mentioned in the TV programme was the considerable stake which the current legal Establishment has in the Conlon verdicts — Sir Michael Havers, now Attorney General, prosecuted and Sir John Donaldson, since created Master of the Rolls, was the judge. When, in the Confait case, I asked the Ombudsman to investigate unreasonable delay by the Home Office in acknowledging a miscarriage of justice, it transpired that an important factor was the determination of Richard du Cann, who prosecuted, that the verdicts of guilty should be officially defended. (He has now changed his mind about them.) In the Conlon case, it would have been normal practice for Sir Michael Havers to have been consulted, before Mr Mellor delivered his unfavourable verdict to Sir John Biggs-Davison, Lord Fitt and myself.

SO THERE are really only three possible scenarios. First — that nitroglycerine was on the swabs and that all seven defendants are guilty; second, as we put to the Home Office, that the TLC tests were so unsatisfactory as to make any guilty verdict unreliable — a scenario now firmly rejected by the Home Office (one difficulty for Mr Mellor was that, on the scientific evidence, Guiseppe Conlon seemed to have been handling more nitroglycerine than anyone else); and third, that there really was nitroglycerine on the swabs and scrapings — and that some persons unknown, between the time the swabs were taken by the police and the time they were finally processed at Woolwich, doctored them. This is a possibility not hitherto publicly advanced, because it cannot be substantiated by any available evidence, and it would seem to involve wicked interference with the processes of justice. It was one to which Mr Mellor, when considering the possibility of a miscarriage, did not address himself, because it was not put to him.

When faced with a similar puzzle in the official inquiry into the Confait case, Sir Henry Fisher, a former judge, was agonised. He was eventually driven to the conclusion that two of the acquitted defendants *must,* on balance of probability, have been guilty — a scenario compelling to Sir Henry, but later ruled out in a statement to Parliament by the Attorney General. Sir Henry's reasoning? His inability to contemplate the possibility that any responsible person could doctor the record.

Many of those who have studied the Conlon case minutely and of those who knew Guiseppe well — and although Sir John Biggs-Davison is the most eminent, there are many, many others — are in the same dilemma. They cannot, however hard they try, believe that Conlon was guilty. Lord Fitt, who heard Conlon's deathbed pleas of innocence, says that he will now redouble his efforts to correct his miscarriage of justice. I hope that Mr Mellor when asked to review *every* possibility in this case anew, agrees to do so. □

RADICAL PRESS

From PDC to XYZ

Christian Wolmar on moves to set up a new alternative distribution network

'IF ONLY W.H. Smith would take it, we'd be all right.' The sentiment has been echoed by almost every publisher on the Left and the reluctance of the monopoly distributors to take on small left-wing publications led to the creation of its own distribution system. In late 1976, on the initiative of members of the Radical Publications Group, PDC (Publications Distribution Co-operative) was set up.

But now PDC is dead. It went into liquidation earlier this year with debts of over £100,000 and assets of just £30,000. Its biggest client, *Spare Rib,* was owed over £10,000. Its demise leaves several publishers without access to retail outlets and those outlets, mainly radical bookshops, without a main supplier. The history of PDC encapsulates that of left publishing over the past eight years, and the story of its collapse begs many questions which need to be resolved before it can be replaced.

PDC's importance goes well beyond its original ambit. It was one of the first service organisations of the Left, capitalising on the growth of publications in the seventies. Its aim was to give small publishers of periodicals, pamphlets and books a way of getting into the growing network of radical bookshops across the country. It was the first distributor to take on both books and periodicals, with the hope that the larger publishers would, to an extent, subsidise smaller ones. A prime mover in setting up PDC was the ambitious new monthly

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magazine, *The Leveller*, which aimed to reach a large readership. At the time, W.H. Smith and John Menzies between them controlled 61 per cent of the magazine wholesale market and were not interested in taking on small, undercapitalised and unpromoted magazines. For *The Leveller* to break through, an alternative was necessary.

Started with loans from its client publishers, PDC grew fast over the first three years helped by a £43,000 grant from the Manpower Services Commission and smaller sums from the Rowntree Trust and the Gulbenkian Foundation. Nevertheless PDC was always underfunded — 'we always had to recycle the bits of string', said one of the founder members of the collective — and after 1979 no more grants were given. By then turnover had reached £173,000, but its trade reflected the fragmented and small-scale nature of left culture. The range of publications taken on was enormous. 'We were dealing with 500 bookshop accounts and 300 publishers' accounts which involved something like 1,000 monthly invoices', said Jean Smith, one of the workers who was still with PDC when it collapsed.

PDC was always run collectively and at times elementary business mistakes were made. For example, to try to share out the drudgery, the accounts were split up between the six workers at one point which made them virtually indecipherable. 'Not only did we have no business experience,' said Gail Chester, one of the founder members, 'but we had no model that we could copy.' Few organisations offered a service to the Left provided by full-time paid workers.

Despite the large turnover, the organisation was never profitable, at best in one year making an accountancy profit that masked a loss.

In August 1979, the Co-op split into two to form Scottish and Northern Book Distribution Co-op (S & N) and PDC which itself separated into two: Southern Distribution for books and pamphlets in the south and Full Time Distribution for magazines, journals and calendars nationally. S&N is still in business because it fills a relatively profitable market gap. Many London-based publishers need a wholesaling, 'repping' (representatives who visit each outlet) and distribution service for the country north of Oxford which gives S&N a natural constituency.

But the rest of PDC collapsed. It could not survive the recession and a fragmented market. It was committed to taking on most left publications irrespective of size and also provided, somewhat unwittingly, a credit service for booksellers by giving them a long time to pay. PDC took between 17 per cent and 25 per cent of the retail price; a pamphlet which sells 250 copies at 50p doesn't leave much profit for the distributors. The failure to obtain higher-priced books to distribute was another reason for the collapse.

THAT PDC survived for four years after grant funding ran out is both a considerable achievement and a reflection of the goodwill it had built up with its publishers. However, it was becoming clear that the vicious circle of uneconomic trading had to be broken. A publishers' meeting was held last summer at which it was agreed to extend further credit to PDC. Grant funding was sought from the Greater London Enterprise Board (GLEB) and elsewhere. GLEB commissioned Comedia, a left-wing consultancy group, to produce a report on distribution in London with special reference to PDC.

Its findings, published in September 1983, were damning. Not only did it demonstrate that PDC was already irredeemably insolvent, but it argued that many of PDC's functions could be provided by other organisations. It recognised that the periodicals distribution service was unique but suggested that the main area of possible viability was the distribution of pamphlets for voluntary organisations. Ironically the Comedia report was written by Charles Landry, another of PDC's initial workers, and Russell Southwood who was also involved in the setting up of the co-op. They were particularly critical of PDC's poor management. The publication of the report created much bitterness amongst both existing and former PDC workers. Gail Chester told the *New Statesman*: 'It was the publication of that report which led to the closure of PDC because it took away any possible source of funding. It created an atmosphere of panic and there was a "run on the bank" which inevitably forced PDC into liquidation.' In other words, GLEB money might have been available if the report had been more favourable.

Landry argues that the time for a PDC-type organisation has gone. 'Several things have changed. First, it is now the big voluntary organisations and political parties which are producing the material with the biggest potential. The main independent periodicals in PDC's early days — for example, *The Leveller*, *Undercurrents*, *Spare Rib* — are all either losing circulation or have gone out of business. Many publications have failed to adapt, if you've been selling 200 copies of a bi-monthly for the past five years and your circulation hasn't grown, perhaps you should be thinking of what you're doing. More thought has to go into selling. The Left must get out of its ghetto and not be ashamed to sell itself.'

But beyond its main function, PDC offered two vital services. First, it was a seed-bed for new publishers several of whom 'grew up' with PDC and moved away once established. Secondly, the existence of PDC helped to establish and maintain a network of radical bookshops across the country. Without PDC, they would not have been able to build up a wide-ranging stock and many have been helped by PDC's credit facilities. These functions are still needed.

Gail Chester is optimistic enough to be working on the establishment of a phoenix from PDC's ashes, to be called XYZ. It is hoped that XYZ will take on the vast majority of publications that have been left in the wilderness by PDC's downfall, starting up on 1 April, and functioning fully from the autumn. Funds are expected from GLEB: an initial loan of £15,000, a grant of £5,000 for market research and a computer. It will finance the loss-making periodicals and pamphlets through the wholesaling and remaindering of books and by attracting commercial publications. It will not, they insist, also reproduce PDC's mistakes. But will the Left still go on reproducing its mistakes, as well as its more attractive publications? □

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DIARY

We continue our exclusive revelations from 'The Secret Diary of Margaret Hilda Roberts, aged 14¼', as edited by Sue Townsend

FRIDAY: Dearest Diary, without Cecil my life has no meaning, no direction, how I miss him. Oh Cecil, Cecil! If only a way could be found to slot you back into decent Grantham society. Meeting illicitly over your weekly Brylcreem order isn't enough for me.

Must finish now as it is midnight and Father and I are about to do the stocktaking. Mother has already slunk off to bed with a cup of Ovaltine, yet she is only working a sixteen-hour day. She is not pulling her weight. I will speak to Father about her tonight.

SATURDAY: I am in disgrace. Father has found out about the missing jars of Brylcreem. How foolish I was to think that he wouldn't notice. In his rage Father accused me of having an affair with Arnold Arkwright who plasters the stuff on his hair with a trowel. I was in the middle of counting the hundreds and thousands and was so upset by Father's unjust accusation that I lost count and had to start again. It was 5 am before I got to bed.

SUNDAY: Father was awfully stern in the pulpit today. He railed against professional churchmen who insist on meddling in politics. (A guarded reference to Monsignor Kent who is petitioning the council for a street lamp in Church Lane.) After Sunday dinner I gave Father the money I have been saving up for elocution lessons. I said: 'Father, this is to pay for the purloined Brylcreem'. He said: 'I appreciate the gesture, daughter, but keep the money, you must acquire a slight lisp if you want to get on in the world.' Mother said: 'I think it's more important to learn to roll your R's.' Then she ran giggling into the back room with her apron over her head. Father and I looked at each other baffled.

MONDAY: Everybody is being perfectly horrid to me at school. I've been to the headmistress to complain but even she was unsympathetic. She said: 'You're overworking Roberts, I want you to take a few days off'. I protested that the school couldn't function without me. The head snapped: 'Go home Roberts, and give this note to your parents'.

Dear Mr and Mrs Roberts,

Margaret's behaviour has been giving me great cause for concern. At all times she is neat, clean and controlled. She works prodigiously hard. She is top of every subject barring Art (which as you know she sees no point in doing). She is highly competitive on the sports field, is an excellent needlewoman and always wears highly polished shoes. Indeed she is the type of girl one ought to be proud of, but Margaret is wearing out my staff with her constant requests for more work. She is already ink, milk and register monitor. Class, sports and house captain. She works in the Greenhouse during her playtimes and has offended the school's groundsman by marking out the school hockey pitch during her dinner break. This morning I came into school early and found her mopping out the lavatories. All very laudable you may think, but her mania for work is making her very unpopular with the other girls. Are there problems at home? Is she compensating for some lack of affection or attention on your part?

I'm sorry to worry you with all this, but I sometimes fear for Margaret's future. She is an ambitious and clever girl but she must learn to tolerate those of us who are rather more fallible.

Yours faithfully
Headmistress, Kesteven and
Grantham Girls School

P.S. By the way, have you any of those Walnut Fancies in stock? If you have, please bag two separate quarter pounds. I will call in to the shop on Wednesday at 4.59 pm to collect them. (Please arrange for Margaret to be in the back room, out of sight.) Thanking you in advance.

Father's hands trembled as he bagged the Walnut Fancies. He said: 'Geniuses are never recognised in their own land'. Mother suggested an outing to the fairground tomorrow night. I don't want to go but Father insisted that Mother be chaperoned so I consented.

TUESDAY: The fairground was full of smelly working-class oiks enjoying themselves. Mrs Arkwright's lodgers, Jowls and Redhead, were trying their strength against Big Benn, the strongman. Big Benn watched their puny efforts with a supercilious smile. Jowls and Redhead were advised by Big Benn that there was only one way to ring the bell and that was to 'gather all your strength and then let the hammer fall on the target'.

Gormless Howe was driving around the dodgem track in a random and dangerous manner bumping into other cars. A fairground worker leapt onto the back of his car and steered him safely to the side. Poor half-wit, his mother shouldn't let him out on his own.

Ronald Wrinkle was on the rifle range for ages trying to win a Kewpie doll. Eventually, after failing to hit the target once, he bought the stall and then swaggered off to view the oldest man alive saying, 'I aim to pick me up a few Goddam tips'.

The carousel was monopolised by Suave Dapper and Personable young men (I call them SDP's for short) who went round and round all night calling out to members of the public.

The Methodist youth club were out in force too, but John Seldom Gumboil was quarrelling with Prior and his bully boys, so I avoided getting involved by running into Madame du Cann's tent and having my palm read.

WEDNESDAY: I'm still reeling from Madame du Cann's predictions. She said: 'Youse going to be the mightiest in the land one day'. I gasped: 'The Queen?' 'No, better than Queen', she rasped. I wiped my palms and she continued her scrutiny, but then a look of horror crossed her face. 'What is it?', I cried. 'No! No! 'Tis too 'orrible!', she croaked. 'Get you home, you poor doomed creature'. What else did she see? I must know.

THURSDAY: I crept from the shop and pounded (difficult to do on canvas) on Madame du Cann's tent flap. Her swarthy features grimaced as she saw me. Eventually, after silver had crossed hands, she consented to tell me all:

> You will marry a small bald man with weak eyes who will sire you with two babbies from one egg. One will be a she child and will give no trouble but t'other, t'other will be a he child and will grow to be a monster. He will bear the name of a European currency (Frank ?) and after embarrassing you with family planning sponsorship and wandering a desert he will destroy your career. For, and this is the curse, you will love this monster blindly and will see no wrong in him.

She fell shuddering on to the card table and I went home to the shop and slept soundly. As if I would ever do *that* with a man, even once!

Roger Woddis will be back next week.

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

☐ A Council's nuclear fall-out shelter has one big snag. The lavatory's outside. Officials controlling emergency services after an attack would risk radiation if they wanted to spend a penny. The shelter is under Northamptonshire County Council's training offices in Kettering. Labour leader Jimmy Kane said it was up to the government to give the council a grant for an inside lavatory. — *Daily Mirror* (Russell Holmes)

☐ Further to last month's finding showing that 7 per cent of the population in Britain is left-handed. They are not only twice as likely to be in the upper social category (AB) as in the lower (DE) but more likely to be *Daily Mirror* readers than *Daily Express* readers, to make speeches, be elected officers of organisations or clubs and generally play a more active socio-political role in society. They are twice as likely to believe that the government should be paying attention to the environment. — *The Times* (L. Andrews)

☐ Vandal-proof sockets are being fitted at Consett bus station — to stop skinheads shaving each other's heads by poking in electric razor wires. — *Northern Echo* (E. J. Bell)

☐ Sir Anthony Meyer asked her to accept the admiration of the nation for the courage and determination with which she had won a great victory at Cheltenham. In its way it was no less significant than the victory which she won in the South Atlantic. — *The Times* (Margaret Lintott)

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FOREIGN NEWS:
IRAN-IRAQ

Neither side gains ground

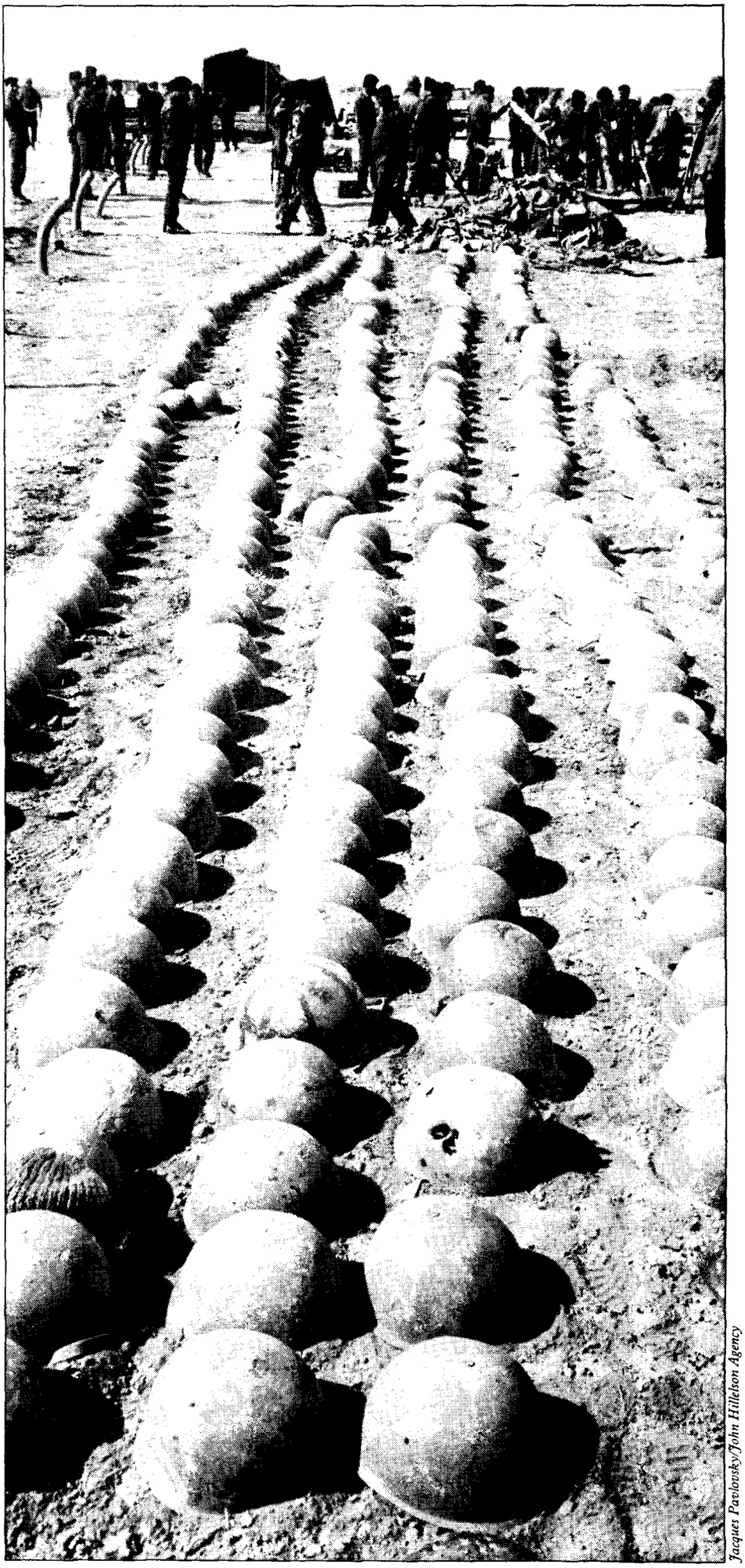
Khomeini's revolution in Iran and Iraq's pre-emptive strike have led to a new kind of war in the Third World, not dragging in the superpowers in support of opposing sides. Fred Halliday analyses the present stalemate

AS IRAN's spring offensive, which began on 21 February, enters its third week, the radio stations of both combatant states are exhorting their soldiers and civilian populations to prepare for greater sacrifices.

In their different ways, both base much of their appeal on evocations of the past, turning — as all nationalists do — selected symbols of earlier ages into the totems of today. The Iraqis denounce Khomeini as a *magus,* a Persian king of old, and remind their followers of the Arab conquests of Iran in the seventh century AD. Khomeini's broadcasters call the Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein a *taghut,* a false god, to be smashed by the true believers, and, in a sustained fit of demagogy, accuse him of being a 'Zionist agent', supported by Israel.

The current Iranian campaign is codenamed Kehybar, the name of a Jewish colony near Medina which the Prophet Mohammad defeated in the seventh year of the Islamic calendar. The town which the Iranian forces have been pushing to seize, on the north-south highway to Baghdad, is the site where legend locates the Garden of Eden — but the Iranian forces are being told that their real destination is Jerusalem and that they must expect to continue fighting until the great enemies of Islam now controlling that city have been defeated.

Yet for all this involving of the past, the Iran-Iraq war has other features which suggest it ▶



Jacques Pavlovsky/John Hillelson Agency

Iraqis count the thousands of Iranian dead after beating off the attack north of Basra. They included many under 15. There were reports of poison gas being used and suggestions that it was supplied from Britain. The use of poison gas in war was banned by the 1925 Geneva Protocol prohibiting chemical and biological weapons. Iran and Iraq are signatories. Poison gas has not been manufactured or stored in the UK since the 1950s

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may be the model for a kind of war that will become more characteristic of the future. This is a war between two substantial, relatively independent, Third World states. It draws on ancient woes and symbols, but it is above all a product of the post-colonial world, of the tensions that arise with the advent to power of nationalist regimes which rely for their legitimacy upon military assertion, and which, in pursuit of regional influence, almost inevitably come to clash with their neighbours. At the same time, while they purchase weapons from the industrialised states of East and West, and accuse each other of being clients and stooges of other powers, Iran and Iraq are in fact largely beyond the control of the great powers, the UN, or any other kind of mediation.

THE FUNDAMENTAL cause of the Iran-Iraq war was the Iranian revolution of 1979. Like all revolutions, in Iran it was deeply national in its causes and nationalist in many of its themes: assertions of independence; a return to 'authentic' values; the rooting out of those associated with foreign influence — all this took place, in rapid and brutal fashion. The 1979 detention of the US hostages was above all part of such a process.

Yet equally, as other revolutions had, the Iranian revolution posed itself in an internationalist light. The themes of Islamic radicalism knew no boundaries, Khomeini's invocations of the Muslim *ummah* or co.nmunity spread across the Third World, and oppressed ethnic and social, as well as religious, groups in neighbouring states saw in the Iranian revolution their opportunity to rise up once again. Formal, organised encouragement by Tehran certainly did take place: groups in Iraq, Afghanistan and Bahrain, among others, received such official support. But the greater impact was of the unofficial, inspirational kind: among Palestinians disappointed by the failure of the secular guerrilla groups, among Muslims in India resentful of Hindu domination, within the increasingly tense slums of Cairo, Tunis and Casablanca. Here Khomeini's message of an intransigent, morally pure and militantly anti-Western radicalism found its echo.

It was in this context that Iraqi President Saddam Hussein sought to make a pre-emptive strike. He invaded Iran in September 1980, hoping to prevent the Iranian revolution from having a mortal impact upon his own government, and hoping too that by crushing the Ayatollah he would win the gratitude and respect of the other states of the Persian Gulf and of the Middle East more generally. He may well have received some encouragement from a Jimmy Carter, besieged by the hostages crisis, but US, and possibly even Israeli, encouragement, if it occurred, can only have formed part of much wider calculations of how an Iraqi defeat of Iran would promote Baghdad's interests.

IT WAS NOT to be. As has happened so often when the optimistic counter-revolutionary neighbour has tried to invade a revolution, the apparently weak victim has not succumbed. Iran rallied its forces, at the cost of great losses, and by July 1982 was pressing into Iraqi territory. Yet if Saddam learnt the lesson which the French revolution taught the invaders at Valmy in 1793, and which the Bolsheviks taught the intervening powers of 1918-1920, Khomeini now had to learn the opposite lesson: that revolution cannot be exported. The hopes he had of a mass uprising by the population of Iraq have not been realised. Instead, it would appear that the combination of patriotism, repression and fear of invasion has kept the Iraqi population behind Saddam Hussein as the war has worn on.

Saddam's regime draws disproportionately on the quarter of the population who are Sunni Arabs. So, the hopes of the Khomeini planners rest on an opposition in Iraq drawn either from the roughly half of the population who are Shi'a Arabs, and the further quarter who are Sunni Muslims, but who are also Kurds. But despite its support for the Islamic opposition inside Iraq, Tehran has not been able to turn the inter-state war into a revolutionary one.

Khomeini's message of an intransigent, morally pure and militantly anti-Western radicalism found its echo in the slums of Cairo, Tunis and Casablanca

There are three major groups working among the Shi'a population in Iraq: the Islamic Call or *Da'wa*, the Mojahidin, and the Islamic Action Group. From Iran, a Supreme Assembly of the Islamic Revolution of Iraq broadcasts daily appeals to the Iraqi population, calling on them to support the 'liberating' Iranian army and to set up local revolutionary cells, to prepare for the future administration of the country. But the Iraqi groups lack a single leader, after Ayatollah Mohammad Bakr al-Sadr, the potential Iraqi Khomeini, was executed by Saddam Hussein in 1980.

Thousands of young militants of these three groups were killed in an attempt to promote revolution in 1980 and 1981, and since then their actions outside Iraq, such as the bombings in Kuwait last December, have been more remarkable than those within. The clerical establishment in Iraq seem to be wary of Khomeini — having seen what he did to their counterparts in Iran.

Both Iran and Iraq are trying to mobilise each other's Kurdish populations. The Iranians have enlisted the support of the Barzani faction, formerly employed by the Shah, and now installed in Hajj Omran, in the mountains of Kurdistan, just inside Iran-occupied Iraq. But it seems that their years of reliance on Iran have undercut the appeals of the Barzanis, and a rival group, the Socialist Patriotic Union of Kurdistan, headed by Jalal Talabani, is now trying to negotiate a compromise with the Baghdad government. Rumours that an agreement has already been reached may be without foundation, since Saddam Hussein is most unlikely to concede any substantive autonomy to the Kurds; yet the very process of negotiation may undermine Tehran's attempts to use the Iraqi Kurds as another spear in its offensive into Iraq.

THE PRESTIGE of Iran among Iraq Kurds may also have been dented by what Khomeini has done to his own Kurds. The three million people of Iranian Kurdistan initially welcomed the Iranian revolution, and the main party active there — the Kurdish Democratic Party of Iran — tried to negotiate a form of regional autonomy. But the Islamic revolutionaries in Iran would have none of it, and in the past two years the region has been occupied by units of the regular army and Islamic Guards. Poison gas has been used, and, while guerrilla war continues, most of the villages have been occupied by government forces. The attempt by Iraq to support these Kurds against Khomeini has, in the end, proved to be as insignificant a part of the regular war as has Khomeini's attempt to do the reverse in Iraq.

The war therefore rests upon the ability of these two states to sustain a costly, but geographically contained, land war. Khomeini still seems to be firmly in charge at home, and in April Iran is scheduled to hold new elections for the Majlis (or Parliament). Already a conflict is shaping up between the 'followers of the Imam's line' who want to sustain the social changes of the revolution, and the more conservative clergy grouped in the League of Theology Teachers in the pilgrimage city of Qom.

While the underground political forces will not be allowed to put up candidates, their presence is far from forgotten: the rather diminished crowds now attending the Friday prayer session in Tehran university, a gathering-place of Khomeini's followers, were recently startled to see a huge portrait of Mojahidin guerrilla leader Masud Rajavi positioned on top of a nearby tall building. It took some time before the fire brigade could arrive and remove it. While the Mojahidin's guerrilla campaign has fallen off in recent months, they appear to have won some audience for their appeals for an immediate cease-fire and for an end to the bombardment of civilian areas by the two armies.

Iraq's ability to sustain the war is limited by its having only a third the population of Iran: but in recent months it has received much more substantial and overt backing from both East and West. In contrast to other major Third World wars — the Arab-Israeli, the Somali-Ethiopian, or the Indo-Pakistani — this one has not resulted in an antagonistic alignment of East and West, but rather with a competition by Moscow and the West for the favour of one of the combatants -- Iraq. Soviet Scud rockets and Mi-24 helicopter gunships are slaying Iranian ground troops at the front; US engineering and financial support is giving Iraq a new capacity to export oil, via Turkey and Saudi Arabia.

Tehran radio may be assuring us that the 'combatants of Islam' are performing their ritual ablutions in the waters of the Tigris and Euphrates, but it seems so far that Khomeini's attempts to export revolution have not met with the success he envisaged. Whether he can now pull back, as the Bolsheviks did before Warsaw in 1920, or whether he insists on pushing on along the elongated road to Jerusalem, remains to be seen. □

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WEST GERMANY

Provoking the 'tankies'

Tony Paterson reports on new splits in the peace movement over East German missiles

Cologne

DISTURBING splits have opened up in the West German peace movement since the deployment of American Pershing 2 missiles. Unlike Britain, Italy and Spain there is no Eurocommunist element within the West German Communist Party — the DKP. Its 45,000 membership is made up almost entirely of 'hard liners' — of the kind that were once dubbed 'tankies' in Britain for their uncritical support of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

Several hundred disarmament campaigners stormed out of the West German peace movement's first major conference since the Pershing deployment — held in Cologne in February. They were protesting against a proposal that the movement should demand the release of 25 members of the unofficial East German peace movement, currently in prison for protesting against Soviet nuclear missiles recently deployed in East Germany.

As one of the 500 activists who left the 1,300-strong meeting explained, such a demand was mere 'provocation', for nobody could expect the Soviet Union to do nothing 'while atomic war becomes winnable and a reality for imperialism'.

In Cologne the 'tankies' forced the conference to drop a motion calling for the release of the members of the East German peace movement, which has kept up its opposition to Soviet as well as US missile deployment in Europe. As DKP member Jochen Dietrich commented, 'These people were imprisoned according to the law — as a communist I naturally have a different relationship towards East Germany and its legal system'.

Attitudes such as these obliged the conference to adopt a watered-down motion aimed at achieving a 'minimal consensus' within the peace movement, condemning state repression of peace activism in East and West. The conference was also unable to agree on a motion condemning recent Soviet missile deployment in Czechoslovakia and East Germany and came out instead with the formula, 'in the peace movement there are different positions over the evaluation of such measures'. Jo Leinen, the peace movement leader who drafted these compromise statements, maintains that they were essential because 'without unity the peace movement is nothing'.

Such tactics have infuriated members of the anti-nuclear Green Party, like MP Roland Vogt who feels that 'if people are sitting in jail, then there can be no avoiding the issue — credibility comes before unity'. The controversy over East German peace activists served to underline the strains within West Germany's peace movement, now that the euphoria of the mass anti-missile demonstrations of last autumn has evaporated.

Camera Press

Petra Kelly: distanced herself from the Krefeld Appeal against cruise and Pershing 2 missiles because it didn't mention Soviet missiles too

The Greens' defence expert, the former West German army general Gert Bastian, has left the party and is now considering membership of the Social Democrats, not least because of his fears that some sections of the Greens were becoming one-sidely anti-American. Both he and the most well-known Green, Petra Kelly, have formally dissociated themselves from the so-called Krefeld Appeal, demanding a halt to deployment of cruise and Pershing 2. Their grounds are that the appeal made no mention of Soviet missiles and that its backers were becoming increasingly influenced by the DKP.

Now some Greens want a complete split in the peace movement, enabling it to shed the hard-core DKP faction and step up its human rights activities. Several autonomous peace groups and the Catholic Pax Christi organisation are making their future cooperation with the peace movement conditional on a clear stand against the arrest of East German peace activists. Both these groups argue that the DKP's apparent influence at peace conferences is unrepresentative of its position within the movement as a whole.

Lack of unity is apparent, too, over the peace movement's plans to use the forthcoming elections to the European Parliament as a referendum on US missile deployment. Many Greens and other groups consider this a waste of time and have called instead for a campaign of civil disobedience.

The West German peace movement has decided on another round of marches and anti-missile demonstrations this Easter, together with a campaign to encourage draft-dodging. But it admits that this may have little effect at a time of record unemployment. Meanwhile Leinen and others confirm that East Germany has instituted a crackdown on its peace activists. Since October last year, more than 120 have been arrested and jailed and 25 are known to be still in prison. Last month four young peace activists, named as Jan-Georg Fischer (20), Wolfram Hasch (20), Volker Otto (19) and Alexander Kobylinski (19) were rounded up in Weimar and jailed for gathering signatures opposing the new Soviet missiles, as well as their American counterparts in the West. Their trial began at the end of February. An estimated 75,000 political prisoners are currently in East German jails. □

NETHERLANDS

Squatters out, Holiday Inn

Abi Daruvalla and Mark Fuller on a big eviction

Amsterdam

'YOU CAN demolish Wyers but you will never demolish the ideas behind Wyers', proclaim banners in Amsterdam after the clearance of the city's largest squat, Wyers, an old textile warehouse near the Central Station.

The police eviction of squatters from Wyers on 14 February left 23 people arrested and 14 wounded — although it was one of the most peaceful evictions in Amsterdam's turbulent squatting history. The squatters were thrown

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out to make way for the building of a Holiday Inn, despite a recent survey showing that there was no need for another hotel in Amsterdam. The squatters' own plans for alternative uses for the building were rejected.

Wyers was squatted in October 1981 by about a hundred people who were soon informed that Hollandse Beton Maatschapij, Holland's largest building company, had obtained planning permission to build luxury apartments and shops on the site. However, this plan was dropped by the investors who felt it was not financially viable at the time.

In the spring of 1982 they applied again, this time to build a Holiday Inn on the site. Their initial application was rejected but an amended plan was approved by the City Council in June 1983. Shortly afterwards, an eviction order was presented to the Wyers squatters. But by this stage the Squatters Movement in Amsterdam was ten years old and the squatters decided to fight the Holiday Inn plan politically, legally and constructively.

They found legal loopholes in the eviction order and the eviction was delayed. Meanwhile, the squatters were busy drawing up their own plans for the building with assistance from lawyers, economists and architects. This plan involved using the building for small businesses, cultural activities and accommodation. The plan was acknowledged by Amsterdam City Council as financially viable and was supported by most of the media.

The City Council treated the squatters' plans respectfully but not realistically, offering alternative premises in the eastern dock area of the city. These premises are impractical in many ways, not least in that the area is desolate and would never attract enough people to support the businesses to be established.

The Council's offer for this alternative site was refused in January this year and Major Ed van Thijn was faced with the prospect of a big eviction, the first in his term of office. He declared his determination to put an end to the increasingly violent confrontations between police and squatters — he wanted no repeat of the three days of violence and millions of guilders-worth of damage which accompanied the clearance of the last major squat in Amsterdam in October 1982.

The Wyers clearance began at 10 am on 14 February. The hundred regular inhabitants of Wyers had swelled overnight to around 1,500, and they themselves opened the main doors to the building and, linking arms, waited for the special police squad. The clearance began peacefully enough but by the afternoon police on horseback were charging into the crowds surrounding the squat and were using dogs. In the evening there were further confrontations between police and 2,000 demonstrators who marched through the city and police used water cannons. It was midnight before the city was calm. By the end of the day, 23 people had been arrested and 14 wounded.

Mayor van Thijn, who watched the proceedings on a video recording relayed to his office from a helicopter hovering over the scene of the eviction, said he was content with the way the clearance had been carried out and paid credit to the self-control of both the police and squatters.

Since the clearance of Wyers, its inhabitants have been found temporary accommodation by the Squatting Movement. One attempt to find an alternative squat has already been made on a recently emptied hospital in the city but this was thwarted by police who were ready and waiting at the site.

Meanwhile, Wyers is no more. Plans to build the 270-room Holiday Inn, financed by the largest Dutch civil service pension fund (the Algemeen Burgerlijk Pensionfunds), go ahead. However, a recent survey by town planning students showed there is no need for another hotel in Amsterdam and that existing hotels in the same class as the Holiday Inn are, on average, only 36 per cent full. Four days before the eviction of Wyers, two supporters of the squatters phoned ten of the city's major hotels and had no problem whatever in booking 16 imaginary American tourists into each of them for the following day. □

MADAME BLAVATSKY

Why were, and are, so many people, by way of books and articles, so concerned to besmirch her reputation, to prove her a fraud, and to denigrate her works? Is it because they are afraid? Does what she had to say undermine the "authority" of our highest institutions? Is "orthodoxy" fearful of the searchlight of her encyclopaedic knowledge and powerful intellect? Is it that academic vested interest must discredit her to maintain its own position? You can only find this out by reading her works for yourself. We suggest you would never be sorry if you did!

Write to:

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SOUTH AFRICA

A total strategy

David Rabkin reports on proposed new laws to tighten up 'influx control' of the black urban population

A SELECT COMMITTEE of what the South African government press fondly calls 'the last all-white parliament' is considering a Bill crucial to Prime Minister P. W. Botha's reform strategy. But the pro-South African lobby abroad is not eager to mention it. It is the cumbrously titled Orderly Movement and Settlement of Black Persons Bill (OMSB). The Bill's opponents have given it a shorter title. They call it the Genocide Bill.

The Bill is controversial, even in South African terms. It will greatly increase the severity of the pass law system and is likely to have literally catastrophic human effects on the already impoverished populations of the black Bantustans. For this reason the Botha government has tried to conceal its progress into law. Government-inspired leaks have several times indicated that the Bill has been shelved, or that it has been effectively diluted.

This is not the case. The Bill will be passed by the present session of the South African parliament, before the admittance of the so-called Coloured and Indian minorities into junior chambers of a new three chamber legislature. Some of its main provisions have already been made law by means of amendments to existing Acts, while others are being implemented by state officials of the Department of Co-operation and Development, using their vast discretionary powers. Any revision is likely to prove cosmetic.

The OMSB rests on three main legs:

- it makes obtaining 'approved' accommodation and employment the fundamental condition for the rights of Africans to live in 'prescribed areas' of the urban centres;
- it establishes a class of Permanent Urban Residents who, subject to the first condition, will have certain new rights such as being allowed to move from one 'prescribed area' to another;
- it greatly increases the penalties for breaking the pass laws and aims to curb illegal migration to the cities by penalising those who give jobs or lodging to Africans who lack the required permits.

In addition the Bill gives the Minister sweeping powers to exclude Africans from any area if he considers that a 'state of unemployment' exists there and to by-pass the courts in removing squatters. This concentration of power in the hands of the executive branch, which has been criticised even by groups such as the Associated Chambers of Commerce, is consistent with the overall 'total strategy' of the Botha administration.

The OMSB attempts to blunt the challenge to white supremacy represented by the regime's most feared social enemy — the African urban workers. Its effect on the established African working class will be to increase the insecurity of their position by wielding the threat of loss of employment or, even more dangerously, of accommodation.

Previous laws on 'influx control' gave the right of permanent urban residence to those Africans who were born in the urban areas, or had worked or lived there continuously for long periods of years. The new law undercuts these rights by making them subject to the 'approved' housing and job provision. Moreover, children born in urban areas in future will only get residence rights if they are not 'citizens' of one of the 'independent' Bantustans and can prove that *both* their parents enjoyed the same rights.

Since an estimated 60 per cent of children born in Soweto are illegitimate, and many have one parent who is a migrant worker, the Permanent Urban Resident is likely to prove a vanishing category. More sinister, the apparent concession granting freedom to move from one

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'prescribed area' to another may be used by the government to implement its Grand Apartheid strategy — whereby all Africans will be tied to an ethnic homeland, thus losing their South African citizenship. It is likely that the government will use the provision to move Soweto residents to vast new black townships to be established in an area north of Pretoria. The new townships, unlike Soweto, will be ethnically zoned and sited in such a way that they can easily be incorporated into the surrounding Bantustans.

CONTROL OVER housing is the main weapon in this strategy and two other Acts have been passed to put it into effect. The Black Local Authorities Act and Black Community Development Act lay on the new Black Local Authorities the task of controlling housing and dislodging or bulldozing illegal residents, while the (white) Development Boards retain control over the financing and development of new housing. Since there is a massive and insurmountable housing shortage for Africans, effective control over where Africans will be able to live and work remains firmly in the hands of the white state.

But, if the effects of the OMSB on Africans living in cities will be increased insecurity and coerced re-tribalisation, those on the rural population of the Bantustans are likely to be human tragedy on a grand scale. These areas, already grossly over-populated, have had their populations increased by a staggering 66 per cent since 1970, due to the government's policy of forced resettlement. The effect of the OMSB will be to increase dramatically the rate of resettlement in the Bantustans.

Not only that. By cutting down drastically on illegal migration to the cities, the OMSB aims to sever the last lifeline of the rural population. It will lead to a massive damming up of 'surplus labour' in Bantustans already physically incapable of supporting their present populations. The results are not difficult to foresee. Already in South Africa (classified by the UN as a developed economy) more than 80,000 people fell victim in 1981 to diseases of under-development — such as diptheria, leprosy, malaria, rabies, measles, polio, hepatitis, tetanus, and trachoma. The number of cholera outbreaks has been increasing steadily over the past few years. In the Ciskei region of the Eastern Cape, several dozen people were reported to have been struck by bubonic plague, while polio, until recently under control, has been sweeping the Letabla district of the Gazankulu Bantustan in the eastern Transvaal.

Completion of the phase of bringing the minorities into the white camp (in a subaltern role) is to lay the ground for forcing 'independence' on the Bantustan leaders who have so far resisted. This in turn will make it increasingly viable, the government hopes, to establish a 'confederation of sovereign states' in which white South Africa will hold all the military, economic and social power.

The stumbling block is the urban African population, who have so far refused to accept political representation through the Bantustan leaders. The urban Africans cannot be given a chamber in the central parliament because, unlike the combined 'Coloured' and Indian populations, their numbers are larger than those of the whites. □

David Rabkin is a journalist who was in jail in South Africa from 1976 to 1983 for 'furthering the aims of the African National Congress'. He was released and expelled last December.

THAILAND

Nothing to do with us

Ed Harriman pursues British companies' involvement in Bangkok sweatshops

IN AN EFFORT to dissociate themselves from Bangkok sweatshops with whom they have been doing business, Great Universal Stores is sending letters to customers denying knowledge of the conditions in the Thai factories.

The allegations were first made last month in a *World of Action* programme and in the *New Statesman* (*NS* 10 February). Several Bangkok factories which have been making clothes for GUS were shown to be illegally employing child labour, mostly young girls who are often forced to work all night for less than the equivalent of £1 and a bowl of rice.

GUS says in its letter to one customer: 'We were shocked to hear of the conditions which are alleged to exist at some Thai factories supplying goods to many leading British retailers including ourselves'. The letter then goes on to say: 'We have no knowledge of these'. Several Bangkok sweatshop owners insist that GUS's own buyers and quality control inspectors have regularly visited their factories.

Nonetheless, GUS insists that its agent and not itself is responsible for dealing with the illegal factories. 'We buy in Thailand through Dodwell and Company who are part of the old established and respected Inchcape Group', GUS explains. 'They place orders on manufacturers and we look to them in conjunction with the Thai Government to ensure that the garments are made with due compliance with Thai Labour Laws and specified quality standards.'

To find out the facts we talked to Arthur King, Dodwell's managing director. He, however, was strangely muted. 'I'm not going to comment. This is a matter between GUS and ourselves. It is a matter of commercial confidentiality' was all that he was initially prepared to say.

'It might possibly be the case,' he eventually admitted, that GUS buyers and quality control inspectors have visited the Bangkok sweatshops on trips arranged by Dodwell. Indeed, Mr King knows that one of his ex-employees, a man who worked on GUS's behalf in Bangkok and elsewhere in the Far East, has provided detailed records of such GUS visits. But Mr King says, 'I will not be drawn further'. GUS is one of Dodwell's best customers, for whom Dodwell handle about £30 million worth of business a year.

On being informed of the sweatshop conditions in Bangkok factories, Paul Harris, managing director of GUS's merchandise division in Manchester, said: 'We have instructed Dodwell to suspend all shipments until such time as they can confirm that the manufacturers with whom they are placing contracts comply fully with the requisite Thai government regulations'.

Arthur King acknowledges that such a request was made. But he steadfastly refuses to say whether it is still in effect, or indeed if it was ever implemented. □

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BRETECHER

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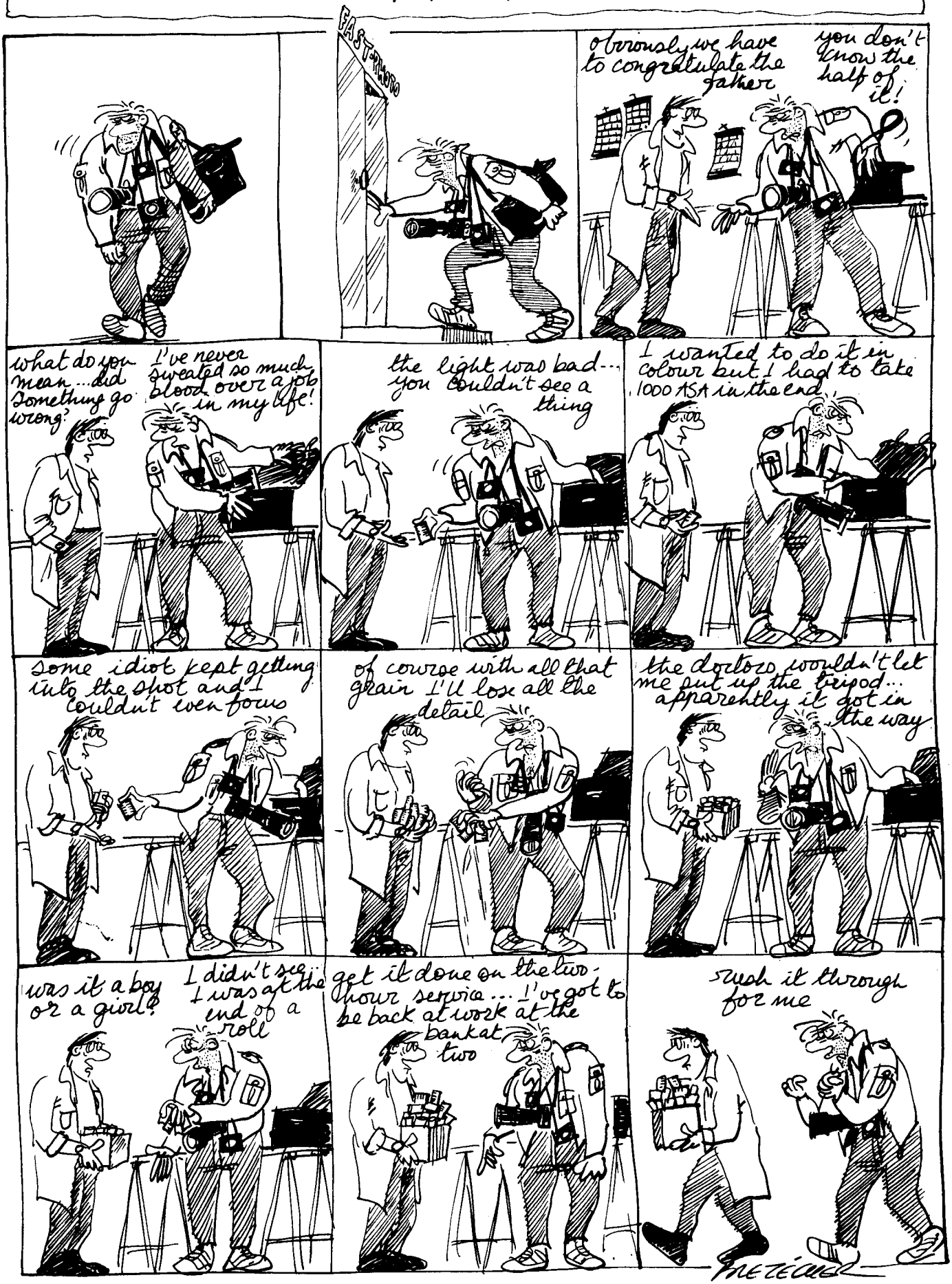
FAST-PHOTO
Obviously we have to congratulate the father
you don't know the half of it!
what do you mean... did something go wrong?
I've never sweated so much blood over a job in my life!
the light was bad... you couldn't see a thing
I wanted to do it in colour but I had to take 1000 ASA in the end
some idiot kept getting into the shot and I couldn't even focus
of course with all that grain I'll lose all the detail
the doctors wouldn't let me put up the tripod... apparently it got in the way
was it a boy or a girl?
I didn't see I was at the end of a roll
get it done on the two-hour service... I've got to be back at work at the bank at two
rush it through for me
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Feminism and pornography

Annette Kuhn, London WC1

Deborah Cameron (Letters 2 March) is correct in pointing out that feminist and right-wing objections to pornography must be distinguished from one another. The grounds for such distinction — even the fact there is one at all — seem not to be very widely understood, however, which is why I wrote the article to which she refers (*NS* 24 February).

In its original form, 'Covering up sex' (not my title) did include an explanation of differences between feminist and non-feminist objections to porn. This, however, was edited out, with the unfortunate consequence that the published article comes across as more unreconstructedly civil libertarian than it was intended to be.

As Deborah suggests, feminist views on pornography challenge some of the basic premises of civil libertarianism. They also challenge those of legal moralism. Having said that, though, how do we, as feminists, proceed? Feminists, it is true, do not generally advocate legal censorship as a means of opposing pornography, a point worth repeating because many people — including some men on the Left — continue to assume that we do. This misunderstanding has permitted moralist opponents of pornography who are pro-censorship, for example, to appropriate feminist arguments in support of their own positions.

Where I think I would depart from Deborah is in arguing that there is at the present time good reason positively to advocate a feminist libertarianism, as distinct from a pre-feminist civil libertarianism. This would aim not only to make the conflation of entirely distinct arguments against pornography more difficult than seems to be the case at the moment, but also to promote a measure of vigilance about legal censorship.

The recent legislative changes I described certainly do not meet, nor even begin to engage with, feminist objections to pornography, but this is no reason for feminists to ignore them. Neither does the entirely correct reluctance on the part of feminists to campaign on the legal front on the porn issue mean that what is happening in this area may be safely dismissed as of no relevance to our concerns.

Porn is indeed not reducible to an issue of civil liberties. But I would maintain that questions of civil liberties and legal 'reform' are nevertheless quite admissible to feminist thinking on pornography. Censorship measures recently enacted and currently proposed constitute a threat to civil liberties. And though *arguments* around civil liberties may well be both obfuscating and anti-feminist at times, the same is by no means true of civil liberties *issues*, which affect all feminists and all women.

Alternatives to the Bomb

Terry Coello, Birmingham

The time is perhaps more than overdue for the defence issue to be seriously debated on the Left but it is hard to see Peter Tatchell's contribution (Letters 24 February) as representing a seriously considered position.

It may be that the lack of a credible alternative defence policy reflects simply a traditional ambivalence about power or it may be that beyond the simplicities of unilateralism and anti-Americanism lies little more than a vague pacifism. In any case, the possibility of a 'non-provocative territorial defence' is rapidly becoming fashionable with very little serious thought apparently being given to either the 'models' or the implications.

There is certainly nothing outrageous about considering, as Tatchell et al have suggested, the alternative of a small regular force training conscripts who then provide a reserve designed for rapid mobilisation. However this 'model' seems to have implications in terms of conscription that are not easily avoided. Peter Tatchell's Swedish comparison, for instance, (why incidentally is the most obvious 'model' — Israel — so often ignored?) does indeed involve the ability to mobilise a reserve nearly four times the size of Britain's in 72 hours but this reserve is of course made up of recalled former conscripts, 50,000 of whom are in training at any one time.

Even if recent studies of the implications for military manpower of population trends are ignored, there are fairly evident factors of geography and topography which make comparisons with Switzerland, Yugoslavia and Sweden less than convincing.

It is probably still heresy to suggest that there is not necessarily any issue of principle involved in the question of conscription and there are obviously a variety of approaches possible to the problem of conscientious objection. It is nevertheless worth considering whether politically or socially it is desirable for Britain automatically to continue its long tradition of small, professional armed forces isolated from the mainstream of national life. Very few other countries — the US being the major exception — find this appropriate and it is not too far-fetched to suggest that a genuinely reforming government in this country might find unsympathetic armed forces at least a potential problem.

Life in the lion's den

Christine Collette, Leigh, Wilts.

What a pity Cynthia Koestler so far asserted herself as to cause her husband to lose 'the lion's paw as a writer' in his last 20 years (*NS* 24 February). It spoils her record.

My, what a happy woman! Married to an old man who had ignored her, humiliated her, got her to abort two children, but who let her join in a 'discreet' autobiography, thereby showing he had overcome his selfishness. Dead at 55, though perfectly healthy and with 'certain inner resources'. How would Godfrey Hodgson like to spend his life like that?

Justice at risk?

Joan Bridgeman, High Littleton, Avon

I was interested in the article 'Shut up and listen' (*NS* 2 March). The day before your article was printed I saw a Newbury magistrates court deal with two offenders, and was shocked by the contrast in treatment.

Case one: a man charged with demanding money with menaces. His case was committed to the Crown Court. He was warned that alibis and names of witnesses were to be given to the police in good time before his trial. He gave his address as a caravan site and he was free to go.

Case two: a girl aged about 20, who had sat in front of a lorry loaded with barbed wire. She was fined £10 with £10 costs. She asked for time to pay, not unreasonably, since she was on social security. She offered as her address the Greenham Women's Peace Camp — as you say in your article, an address accepted by the DHSS and the Post Office — and this is indeed the girl's postal address. The Bench refused to accept it. She offered the address of a friend. This too was rejected and she was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment.

I do not wish to argue the rights and wrongs of the existence of cruise missiles at Greenham Common, nor to question the validity of the opinions and actions of the women who camp there, nor whether these two people should have been arrested nor whether they are guilty or not guilty, but I do question the legality of the sentence in case two and the difference in treatment of the two defendants.

Are the Newbury magistrates allowing repetition to lead to a case-hardened attitude to a particular group of offenders? In these small courtrooms, where the public hardly go — there are very few seats anyway — and the press have little interest, there is now a risk that rapid, cursory consideration is taking the place of justice as we believe in it. We should find the law meted out fairly in every part of the country and to every citizen, regardless of the weight of national or local prejudice. It is difficult to see that this is happening in Newbury.

Demos — research support needed

Cathie Lloyd, Cities of London & Westminster Public Order Research Group, 9 Poland Street, London W1

Matthew Campbell's article on the right to demonstrate (*NS* 24 February) admirably sketches the arbitrary nature of the law and the lack of any real guarantees in our right to demonstrate in this country.

Ultimately, however, rights are underpinned by an active public awareness. I am writing to draw attention to the effort in this direction of the Trades Council and other bodies (including the NCCL and the Institute of Race Relations) in the Cities of London and Westminster to set up a body — the Public Order Research Group — to produce a report on the policing of Public Order, and to monitor events in this area over the next two years. We are assisted in this respect by the GLC.

Linked as we are to trade unions we have begun to produce simple briefings and to give help in the form of observers and some (mainly referral) advice. Our main brief, however, is research and we are currently working on an account of May Day demonstrations and a view of Public Order in 1983.

If any *New Statesman* reader would like further details of the work of the PORG or could help with our research in any way we would be delighted to hear from them.

Information wanted

John St John, 40 Arkwright Road, London NW3

I have been invited to write a definitive history of the publishing house of Heinemann. I should welcome information from all who could contribute personal reminiscences or who could lend correspondence and papers. All documents will, with permission, be copied and returned without delay.

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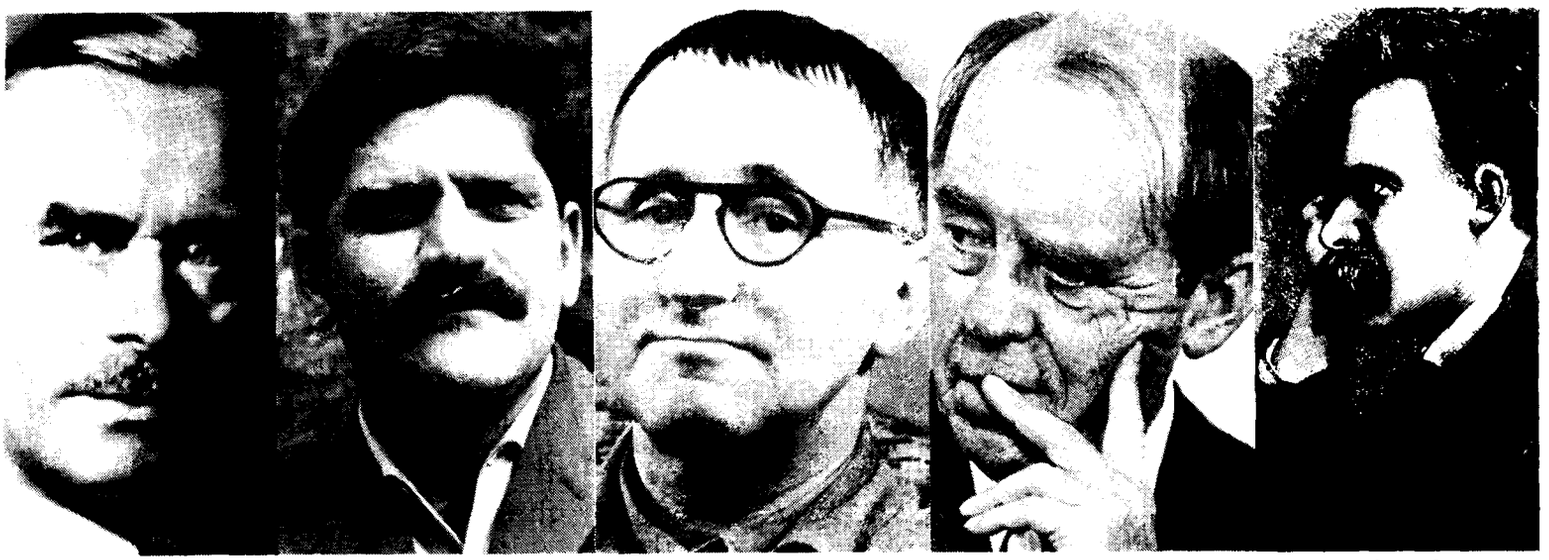
Michael Hofmann

Energy burst

A Proliferation of Prophets
MICHAEL HAMBURGER *Carcanet* £14.95

These essays on modern German literature, from Nietzsche to Brecht, would all appear to have been published already, here and there over the last two or three decades. Therefore the scope, inclusiveness and system of this present book is — to borrow from Böll's note on *The Lost Honour of Katherina Blum* — not a matter of intention, nor of accident, but of sheer inevitability. It is a tribute to Michael Hamburger's wide sympathies, and to his lifelong experience of and dedication to German literature. Sometimes in his struggle to initiate a serious discussion of the subject, he has been as lonely as one of his own 'prophets'.



From the left: Mann, Lind, Brecht, Böll, Nietzsche *Camera Press*

So it is hardly surprising that Hamburger begins, in his first chapter 'Premisses', with a pointed and irascible account of English 'non-liking' for German literature: he not only indicts the principled insularity of a Kingsley Amis, but quotes with audible astonishment the 'internationalist' D. J. Enright, who 'found Rainer Maria Rilke guilty of "highbrow baby talk" in the *Duino Elegies*'. Of course, it is not the fact of a rejection of Rilke that is amiss, but its manner. Hamburger objects also to the tone of joyful discovery that seems to be required when springing German writing on an English public. Kleist's stories are a case in point: some 150 years after his death, they acquired a kind of actuality via the admiration of Kafka and Thomas Mann, who wrote a preface for the English edition. This did not appear until some years after Thomas Mann's death. And yet Kleist's status as a classic of German prose had been secure for at least a century. This process seems to be the rule: a German author — preferably, pre-eminently, or even only, Thomas Mann — is made safe for the English, and it is through him, if at all, that others get an *entrée*. (Hamburger points out that the reverse of this, the Germans 'discovering' Sir Walter Scott through, say, Joyce, is quite unthinkable.)

The virtue of Hamburger's programme in *A Proliferation of Prophets* is that he cuts across the spurious demarcations of English reputations because for him, quite naturally, they do not impinge. His essays discuss familiar, less known and genuinely obscure authors, poets, dramatists and novelists: Gottfried Benn, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Robert Walser. Hamburger's approach to these, and to his other subjects, is generally to decouple them from the orthodoxies, and in some cases from the individual critics who lay claim to them. He does this, for instance, with Benn and his 'nihilism', Thomas Mann and Lukács, Trakl and Heidegger. In his essay on Hofmannsthal, the longest in the book, and dealing with the subject which is, I suspect, the closest to his own heart, he attacks the myth of the boy-genius who lived too long and became a *litératteur* — like Rimbaud, he remarks pertinently, 'if he had lived to become a member of the Académie Française'.

This mixture of sympathy and a tough wresting the subject away from its particular corner is what characterises the book. There is an uncompromising absence of biographical detail, of tidy literary history and of propagandism. 'Importance and greatness', he rebukes another critic, 'are imponderable and unhelpful categories.'

Defined positively, Hamburger's concern is to produce a biography of the *literature*. The German writers of the period, the 'prophets' of the title, repelled by their society and anyway motivated by the Germanic emphasis on 'inwardness', each with their small groups of dogmatic followers, are like tiny explosive particles. Their astonishing energy, peculiarity and diversity are hard to match, except perhaps in the Russia of the same period. One of Hamburger's chapters, on early Expressionism, carries simply the title '1912'. Under the 12 years of Nazism, there was a comparable, centrifugal phenomenon which he calls 'the dispersion'. Not only the country and the people but also the German language were poisoned for writers at this time, and their relations to it were haunted and complicated by guilt and loathing:

> In Jakov Lind's case, for instance, uncertainty about language arose from the circumstance that since his Austrian childhood he was transplanted four times into different languages, and also had to totally disguise his identity for a period in order to survive. Those are extreme, unheard-of conditions for a writer, going far beyond mere emigration. No wonder Jakov Lind has become a specialist in the monstrous!

It is against this background that Hamburger pays tribute to Brecht, who, he says, has done more than anyone else towards 'the de-demonization of German literature'. But even this development looks to have been contained, if not actually stunted, by the division of Germany into two separate republics, and so the book ends sombrely and thrillingly, 'no kind of normality could be assumed or counted on by German writers in the second half of the

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century'.

This is the burden of Hamburger's book, but really its life is in its details, in the many stirring quotations, and in the concern with the trajectories of the writers discussed. It is the ability to develop, to go forward and change that most attracts his admiration. Thus Hofmannsthal's abandonment of lyric poetry in his twenties, and his orientation towards a less individualistic, less psychopathological, social type of writing, and hence towards comedies, and the mixed forms of dance and opera. Or the fascinating Gottfried Benn, a venerologist and skin-specialist who in 1912 published his anti-human book of poems, *Morgue*, then later verse of Mediterranean and protozoic longings, and in his last years work of gentleness and simplicity. Or the free spirit Robert Walser, who could write 'Noon is approaching, and we who are writing this would like to finish it before lunch if possible,' and for three decades in a mental asylum wrote nothing at all: ' "I am not here to write," he said to his friend Carl Seelig, "but to be mad." ' These are all tremendously interesting and (begging Michael Hamburger's pardon) important writers, and anyone with a literary conscience should read them, even in translation, even in paraphrase. □

PAPERBACKS
Alan Brien

The unseeables

A FRIEND OF MINE got herself a good second in history largely, she swears, through reading nothing but historical novels. I have never been able to acquire the taste, finding it too like picking up knowledge about foreign countries by browsing in holiday brochures. If I want fiction in period mode I prefer to read what was being written then — after all, *Madame Bovary* is now just as much a historical novel as *Salammbo*. I get my fix of instant time-travel from cheap picture-books, full of gaudy drawings and comic-strip captions, some of which, like **The Children's Picture World History** (Usborne, 95p), are put together by unnamed teams of expert perfectionists, hiding their nutty nuggets of scholarship beneath a creamy meringue of drama and spectacle.

So I boned up for this month's ration of paperbacks, which contains several hefty tomes of history, with **From Workshop to Warfare** (Cambridge, £2.15), the latest in their 'Women in History' series. Intended for lower secondary schools, it is more didactic than my usual fodder, stressing an 'evidence-based approach', and relying on contemporary illustrations and quotations. Nevertheless, it turned out to be stuffed with revelations about women's lives between 1300 and 1500 which not only fascinated, but often startled me.

I was not surprised that of the mediaeval Church's two female archetypes, Virgin Mary and Mother Eve, it was the rotten one believers could expect to meet most often here below. According to that hammer of wickedness, *Malleus Maleficarum*, a work designed to provide what passed for a scientific explanation of the origins of evil — 'there is defect in the formation of woman since she was formed from a bent rib... through this defect she is an imperfect animal. She always deceives.' But I was gladdened by the reminder that even then the argument did not go by default. Gutsy Christine de Pisan, 25-year-old widow with three kids earning her living as a writer, snapped back:

> They say there is no evil equal to a woman. But women slay no man, destroy no cities, do not oppress folk, betray realms, poison and set fire or make false contracts.

It was also cheering to discover that nunneries in those days, packed with the bright, unruly, surplus daughters of the gentry, were more like boarding-school dorms of Enid Blyton than the glum, battery-hen borstals for the unwanted female poor they later became. Nuns mutinied when the beer ran out. A Mother Superior complained 'they come late for Matins because they sit up drinking and talking'. Often they slept through services and outwitted the rule of silence at meals by inventing rude and comical sign language.

The most incredible example of the double standard was new to me. Rape was a crime for which both perpetrator and victim were punished, since even unwilling extra-marital sex was an offence against God. But mostly the men ran away and only the women remained to be tried. From the records of a Norfolk Court in 1247, there is excerpted the entry — 'The following women have been violated and therefore must pay the fine for incontinency...'

In their opening paragraph, the authors, the Mses Adams, Bartley, Bourdillon and Loxton, ask their readers to ponder how many books about the past even refer to the part women played, and suggest checking how often the invisible half of humanity occurs in chapter headings, the pictures, the title or even the text.

I tested three volumes of history recently published by Longman. In the two by Henry Kamen, **Spain 1469-1714** (£5.95) and **Spain 1665-1700** (£8.95), there is no mention of women in either index, as the first skips from 'Witchcraft' to 'Wool', and even though the second carries on its cover Murillo's 'A Girl and her Duenna'. There is more here than anyone, except a specialist, needs to know about the Iberian male — the Commercial System, the Aristocracy, the Bourgeoisie, the Under-privileged in one, the Catholic Kings, Charles V and the Empire, Philip II and the Reformation in the other — but any extended reference to a second sex is as rare as a paragraph on Trotsky in a Soviet encyclopaedia.

Indeed in *Spain 1665-1700*, Kamen gives the Inquisition the sort of kid-glove treatment Russian propagandists hand out to the KGB — he denies that it operated as 'a religious secret police', claiming that 'mildness was customary' and the inquisitors often intervened to gentle the severity of the state. Why, when Juan de Ocana was sentenced to 200 lashes and ten years in the galleys for bigamy, the Inquisition had the punishment reduced to five years in the galleys. The Inquisition even winked at abortion, and 'this may surprise the modern reader', if the mother's life was in danger or her reputation threatened with 'great infamy', and she was 'girl of honour'.

There used to be a lower caste than the lowest in India before the war who were 'Unseeables' and emerged only at night to avoid polluting the sight of their superiors. Their job was washing the clothes of the 'Untouchables'. In Dr Kamen's works, women rank a little higher, glimpsed from time to time out of the corner of his eye. Despite the richness of his other detail, the freshness of his interpretations, this is hardly what the blurb proclaims as 'the first total history of any Spanish era'.

John Larner's **Italy in the Age of Dante and Petrarch** (Longman, £7.95) demonstrates the gains to the historian, and his readers, from a panoramic view, justifying the claim on his blurb to 'say something about the lives of those so often neglected. . .women, children, the poor and the outcast'. He enters 'Women, position of' in his index, cross-referencing it with 'marriage; household structure; witch-craft'. And the sex which still washes the clothes even of the Untouchables is given extended treatment in his chapter on 'The Family', noting the double standard for adultery ('The man was fined £200; the woman burnt'), making the interesting point that sexual behaviour was governed in Macholand not so much by law as by 'the possibility of vengeance from a family'. He is also the only student of the period I can recall showing sympathy for Dante's wife. We all know the nymphet Beatrice, let's hear it for Gemma Donati.•

My other route into history is from the inside out, from the personal to the political, from the shopping list to the Budget, best explored through biographies and memoirs, but especially diaries. Several of these have just emerged in paperback — **The Goebbels Diaries** (Sphere, £3.95), **Journal of Katherine Mansfield 1904-1922** (Constable, £4.95), **Thomas Mann Diaries 1918-1939** (Robin Clark, £7.95), **Recollections of Wittgenstein** by several friends (Oxford, £3.95), **Harold Nicolson: Diaries and Letters 1930-1964** (Penguin, £4.95) — and I tried vainly for a while to find a day on which they were all doing something characteristic at the same moment in time, or space. There is a book there for somebody — 'A Month in the Lives of. . .' selected heroes, villains, victims and pseuds of the 20th century.

Wittgenstein's admirers end up too admiring — I was less interested in him afterwards than I was before. Nicolson ends as a loveable, bumbling, silly snob — more admirable in his fiction than his fact. Thomas Mann is intermittently gripping — but too long a life on which to expend my short one. Katherine Mansfield gives the most vivid and individual journey into the interior, a roller-coaster ride from depression to euphoria, sentimentality to bitchiness — though the book shamefully lacks an index, and has been scrappily edited by Middleton Murry.

It was *Goebbels Diaries* which held me longest, though flatly written and carefully self-

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censored. Perhaps only those who lived through the war years, able even to wonder if those were your plane's bombs which caused the Nazi 'Minister of Propaganda and Popular Enlightenment' such regular inconvenience, will experience the same thrill discovering what the enemy were thinking and saying across the cruel sea. Goebbels seems a kind of twisted idealist, a brilliant journalist in the best and worst senses, who was genuinely indignant when Churchill's 'Ministry of Lies' circulated plausible untruths about him. One of the best moments occurs during the Nazi-Soviet pact, when his man in Moscow returns to Berlin complaining about how boring, *boring* life is in the Russian capital. That, Goebbels tells him, is what happens when you live under a totalitarian dictatorship. □

HISTORY
Alun Howkins

In common

The Chartists
DOROTHY THOMPSON *Temple Smith* £19.50

The history of Chartism has always been important to the British Left. The early socialist movement claimed the Chartists as ancestors, the Communist Party organised Chartist rallies in 1938 (the centenary of the first petition) and the first serious study of labour history was Rothstein's *From Chartism to Labourism*. From the early 1960s onwards a new direction emerged in the study of Chartism. This tended to link the study of the movement to the local world, stressing regionally specific factors in the growth of Chartism and its sectional character. It is clear that this study of 'community Chartism' was directly linked to the politics of the late 1960s since this view validated historically the anti-centralism of that political moment.

However, this position, like the precisely opposite one adopted by the Communist Party in the 1930s, obscured as much of Chartism as it revealed. We were presented with a diffuse even incoherent collection of local groups occasionally brought together, almost by chance, by the Charter. Although the local emphasis within Chartist studies had many strengths, its weaknesses became more and more apparent as study after study appeared which simply neglected the national movement and national leadership, falling more and more into the worst kind of parochialism associated with some English local history.

Dorothy Thompson's book is of major importance in dealing with the worst excesses of this trend. As she somewhat modestly writes, 'the present volume is an attempt to look at Chartism globally at least in some of its aspects, and to suggest some possible re-interpretations for consideration by those making future detailed studies'.

The book divides into three sections, two of them chronological, splitting at 1842, and the third a detailed study of the personnel of Chartism. But these divisions are less important than the unity which runs through them — that of Chartism as a new movement, different from its predecessors but drawing on elements of their political culture. Chartism 'produced within itself older forms of demonstration and protest' but these were more disciplined and controlled, shaped by a more mature class sense and by the belief in the possibility of success. This latter point is extremely important. It has been all too easy in recent years, precisely because of a lot of the local studies, to see Chartism as doomed as a national movement, even if Chartism in Great Tew or Lower Slaughter gained temporary successes.

This sense of a complex and potentially extremely powerful movement permeates the book. Not only did Chartism draw on the older traditions and disciplines, it brought them into relationship with newer forms, especially the press, and with a very impressive organisation. It is perhaps this latter point that many, like myself, who have seen Chartism only from outside find most impressive and surprising. It is also, in Thompson's account, a movement of diverse people brought together by their belief in the Charter, not just the depressed trades of the classic accounts of the movement, but all sections of working people including women.

Chartism is fundamental to our understanding of our recent history in the same way that the Commune is to the French working-class movement. In recent years its study has become parochial, disjointed and often politically sterile — just another 'topic' in local history. Thompson's book, like some other recent work, challenges that approach. It is not 'complete', nor does it claim to be, but it is exciting and provocative, full of lovely material and good ideas — would to God it were half the price. □

BIOGRAPHY
Naomi Mitchison

In her debt

Freedom to Choose: The Life and Work of Doctor Helena Wright
BARBARA EVANS *Bodley Head* £12.95

This book takes us right back to the days when certain basic human activities could not be mentioned, or even thought of in 'mixed company'. Whatever we may think of the goings-on of our present permissive society, most members of which are in fact quite capable of saying no, it does not produce the same terrible tangles and miseries that were the common lot in the days when Helena Wright started her great fight to lift the curse of Eve. This thoroughly documented biography covers a long life, starting with the kind of mad family ups and downs which were so frequent in Victorian times, and carrying on into her fabulous and lively nineties. Helena clearly enjoyed being interviewed by Dr Evans and was unworried at the prospect of letting the public in on letters which a lesser woman would have kept to herself.

I was a young married woman when Helena, after qualifying as a doctor, married a fellow doctor and went off to China as a medical missionary with her two small boys. I was anxious to have a gap after my two, but it would have been dreadfully difficult and embarrassing to ask one's doctor about contraception; even my nice woman doctor barely knew about such things. It was difficult even to use the taboo words and, although I had been a VAD nurse familiar with hideous wounds, I was still uncertain of my own anatomy. But I had Marie Stopes's books so I knew something about it and went off to be kitted up at the North Kensington Women's Welfare Centre. Later I joined their management committee and got to know Helena Wright during the early and inevitable controversies about whether the Centre should deal only with contraception, as Helena, the Chief Medical Officer, wanted, or should also include advice on sub-fertility problems and general marital care, as we wanted. We won because our chairman, Margery Spring Rice, was even tougher than Helena. Somehow and sensibly they ended up as very good friends.

The rest of the committee acted as guinea pigs in some of Helena's experiments, necessary and interesting, but sometimes uncomfortable or with unexpected results. After that period I continued to see Helena from time to time, but I was rather put off by her other experiments, something too like spiritualism for a canny Scot. Yet I suppose we all have our soft side; the Fourth Dimension was hers. What really mattered in her life was the continuing battle for women to be able at long last to have the happiness of the full sexual experience without the anxieties and miseries of repeated, unwanted pregnancies.

We know that pattern in India and many another Third World country where the obedient wife goes on and on, the later children often weak or born dead and her own death too often early. It used to be like that for most lower income wives south of the Thames, or in any European city. There are still patches of it. Whatever our politics, all of us on the North Kensington committee had seen for ourselves what was happening and knew we had to fight for our fellow women and win. Marie Stopes had started it, but she made enemies and was difficult to work with. Only a few readers were shocked by Helena's books.

It took time of course. The Catholic opposition was solid — at first. The doctors who had started by opposing the teaching of contraception fairly soon came to support it, once a few at the top had given a lead. Perhaps the most shocking thing was the attitude of some men who, because they were sensitive in certain ways, opposed the whole idea of women being able to choose for themselves what was to happen to their bodies. That is all too plain in the correspondence between Helena and Eric Gill. But the book is packed with interesting letters, bridging the enormous gap between then and now. Today no woman need have an unwanted child and, if she wants one but has some physical problem which prevents it, she can get skilled medical advice. How new that is in the history of the world, and how much we owe to people like Helena Wright. □

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FICTION
Richard Deveson

Lashing out

It's Me, Eddie
EDWARD LIMONOV *Picador* £7.95 & £2.95
The Penitent
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER *Cape* £7.95
Murder in the Dark
MARGARET ATWOOD *Cape* £3.95
Corruption
PENELOPE LIVELY *Heinemann* £7.95

If you want reports on oral sex (blow by blow) with pimps and hustlers in darkened playgrounds or stairwells on the West Side of Manhattan, then Edward Limonov is your man. He will also do you solo work or vodka-and-cocaine-accompanied heterosexual duets. And he uses four-letter words even more frequently than he describes the objects or actions they refer to. Despite this, or because of it, 'little Eddie' (to use his own words) is (ditto) 'one of Russia's greatest living poets'.

Clearly, on the one hand, Limonov is expecting us to dislike him. If we do, then we have only proved ourselves to be the 'gentlemen' in grey suits, commuting into New York from Connecticut and New Jersey, whom he in his turn despises. On the other hand, he also seems to be expecting us to feel for him in his recurrent anger, confusion, self-pity and despair — and this, with reservations, we surely can. **It's Me, Eddie** is a 'fictional memoir' that describes a chaotic spring and summer in New York in the 1970s, some time after the author has emigrated from Russia. His wife has left him to pursue a series of doomed, sleazy affairs. He's living in a welfare hotel and has much cause to feel miserable. And anyone who can get down on paper, as he can, so much of the turmoil of his inner and outer worlds almost automatically wins a reader's sympathy.

His worlds, though: Limonov's *Weltanschauung* is as romantic and simple as his version of Russian émigré life is one-dimensional. 'Love' and the abolition of work will cure all ills. The underworld is moral because it has no vested interests. Everyone else is corrupt, America and Russia both — all those men in suits. Poets are honorary underworld, and wear high-heeled multi-coloured boots in which they conceal long-bladed knives. Even the prejudice that Russians are impulsive, generous, brutish and drunk half the day and all the night won't find its refutation here. But then Limonov doesn't want to be 'calm and just'. 'Fuck justice — you can have it; I'll take injustice. . .'

New York is the villain of **The Penitent,** too, albeit in an almost contradictory sense. Joseph Shapiro, who tells his own story, is a Polish Jew who has survived Hitler, has made money in America and, in middle life, finds his marriage breaking up and his mistress and her daughter only getting yet more prehensile claws into him. Overnight, he decides that the modern world, epitomised by New York, stinks: it is nothing but lies, money, news, power, crime, nihilism, modern literature, pornography and sick jokes. He goes to Israel and, despite temptations, finds his way to the most fundamentalist of Hasidic sects, marries a shrinking bride and gradually reacquires his ancestral religious faith.

This highly readable short novel shows, as is always worth remembering, that readability is in great part a matter of intellectual clarity. Though the treatment is spare, the story's logical force sweeps it forward. The vital question it leads to is: '*Can* one be a Jew any longer? Can one be distinctive without rejecting modernity altogether? Can one accept modernity without rejecting the whole distinctively Jewish heritage?' Singer, in a closing note of his own, is anxious to insist that, though he is a believer, he can't agree with Joseph Shapiro that belief can resolve the problem of suffering; but on this question of Jewish identity, his story leaves no analogous point of balance between the extremes of Shapiro's dilemma.

Margaret Atwood's **Murder in the Dark** is a short collection of very short pieces: most fill less than a page. There are recordings of auto-biographical moments, which would be stronger if they were part of a larger connected whole. There are some essayistic items and thought-experiments (e.g. what if women all went out to work and men stayed at home in the kitchen?) which often veer off in irony and obliquity — in fact, there are several final paragraphs that I simply couldn't follow. But there are also a number of poem-like pieces which, like Margaret Atwood's novels, are difficult because what they are trying to express is intrinsically difficult, yet which capture something tantalising and real. These, perhaps, come off best. 'Hand', for example, describes a body which is like a closed fist that then opens, and the opening of the hand is like a change in the quality of consciousness. Another piece, 'Instructions for the Third Eye', extends this kind of consciousness into the visionary.

Corruption is the conventional English short story again, which Penelope Lively writes very well. That is to say, she generally recounts a small incident, which the organisation and imagery of the story transform into something larger and deeper; her ears and eyes are open for dialogue and social nuance; her tone is quiet and amused; her sensibility generous. Shocks are administered to systems: a judge's sense of holiday well-being is upset by a pass a woman makes at him and a subsequent comic public humiliation; an adolescent girl learns, via an old woman's wartime story, that life can be horrifying and people can be cruel; a man's male swagger crumples after something nasty-funny happens to his tomcat. There is also a different sort of piece, 'Yellow Trains', which catches, and places, a teenage nympholeptic mood, in all its exquisiteness and banality. An excellent collection. □

Selima Hill

Among the thyme and daisies

We climbed in barefeet to the barrow —
losing the path, tumbling
over rabbit-holes, turning round
from time to time to see
how small the villages were getting.

We reached the first chalk foot
exhausted. The sky seemed nearer,
friendlier, baby-blue. We walked along
the giant's flowery legs, tickling
his fat thighs like fleas.

When we found the head,
we closed our eyes and wished —
for something new and wonderful;
we never thought of the Future,
or wished for that.

And now, approaching forty,
I feel like a giantess myself —
vain, drowsy, out-of-date,
ruminating on my hill
among the thyme and daisies.

I hear the children holler
down the rabbit-burrows,
and feel them climbing my legs;
there is grass growing over my face,
and a wonderful view of the sky.

C. L. R. JAMES

At the Rendezvous of Victory

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The Essays, Articles and Reviews of Evelyn Waugh

ed. DONAT GALLAGHER *Methuen* £20

All but academics will be disappointed by Waugh the journalist. The wit and intelligence of the fiction and the sparkling, anarchic entertainment of his letters are remarkable for their absence from his hack work. No inner daemon, artistic or social, drove Waugh to journalism. He wrote for the press for money only, and it shows. These could almost have been the collected pieces of any dull worthy Fleet Street jobber of the period. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the book is in the last part, where Waugh's subconscious (to give him the benefit of the doubt) actively edits the past and idealises it and himself in ways more subtle but less powerful than he employed in *Brideshead*. He reminisces, for example, about the Hypocrites Club in Oxford: 'We were never pugnacious or seriously destructive.' Mr Gallagher quotes Anthony Powell in a footnote as remembering that Waugh was excluded from the Hypocrites for smashing the club-room furniture with a heavy stick.

The society-and-manners pieces belong to a world that *NS* readers will find more bizarre than anything Kurt Vonnegut can come up with. To take a mild example, in 1962 he wrote in the *Daily Mail* that 'A respectably-dressed man in the street carries, I suppose about £150 of clothes'. A quick mental sum of my father's Saturday best at that time, including overcoat, gives the grand total of £50, yet he was respectably dressed. There's irony too in Waugh's *de haut en bas* pronouncements on male dress, since he himself is reputed to have looked like a fairly prosperous bookie when in full *Country Life* rig.

Mr Gallagher's introductions to the six sections are useful, balanced and intelligent, if not quite deep enough to satisfy this reader.

Anne Smith

Undermining Capitalism: State Ownership and the Dialectic of Control in the British Coal Industry

JOEL KRIEGER *Princeton* £23.80 *Pluto* £7.95

'If you want to understand what is really going on in the coal industry, you ought to look at the effects of the wage structures and the transition from payment by results to daywage in the 1966-71 period,' Joel Krieger was told, by both the National Coal Board and the miners' union. His book seeks to explain the national strikes of 1972 and 1974 by reference to the 'accidental' effects of replacing a chaotic local piece-rate structure with a nationally-negotiated daily wage.

The NCB was converted to the idea of a national wage agreement because of the introduction of new technology, which meant that production did not depend so much on the individual exertions of miners but on 'machine running time'. It failed to foresee that this would unite the interests of miners in different pits and different coalfields for the first time since the 1926 lockout, enabling them to present a united challenge to the Heath government.

Krieger sees the NCB as a 'perfect' Weberian bureaucracy imposing a centralised egalitarian policy — and achieving exactly the opposite effects to those intended. Working practices in the industry were not standardised, because local NCB and NUM officials interpreted the intentions of the new policy according to their histories of local management-labour relations. In the less productive Durham pits, for example, miners have a tradition of collective working — to the extent of sharing the same pay packet among a group of workers — and of collective bargaining. In the Nottingham coalfield, on the other hand, traditions of hierarchical and competitive working are strong. The former forced the reintroduction of a 'cavilling' (allocation of jobs by drawing lots), which the NCB didn't want, while the latter resorted to disputes over grading and overtime.

The end result of the 1972-74 militancy was the reintroduction in 1977-78 of incentive payments and the devolution of wage bargaining back to the individual pits. Unfortunately the book mainly predates the return to payment by results, which defines the nature of the current struggle, more popularly seen as a personality clash between Arthur Scargill and Ian MacGregor. The NCB has abandoned the social-democratic model of a nationalised industry and reverted to behaving just like any other capitalist employer — offering incentives for greater productivity and closing down 'unprofitable' pits in Durham and now Yorkshire.

John Rentoul

The International Crisis in the Caribbean

ANTHONY PAYNE *Croom Helm* £14.95

This short introduction to the 'circle of crisis' in the Caribbean summarises the history of imperialist involvement in the region and analyses the internal politics of each country in terms of their international relations, particularly with the United States. It includes useful accounts of the collapse of *Reagan's Caribbean Basin Initiative* from a 'Marshall Plan' into a rather paltry bribe; of the Caribbean Common Market (CARICOM)'s ineffectual attempts at joint foreign policy making; of the conflicting strands within Cuban foreign policy, and of the background to the US invasion of Grenada.

The book's general approach is clear and sympathetic, if rather pedestrian, and the decision not to cover Central America makes it incomplete. Latin America Bureau's *Under The Eagle* by Jenny Pearce (1982) is still the most comprehensive introduction and analysis of America's 'Backyard'; Payne's work is a partial update.

Titus Alexander

Suntraps

JOHN ELKINGTON *Penguin* £3.95

Nobody would confess to disliking renewable energy. For a politician it would be like saying one hated disabled people. So why does renewable energy technology creep along with a fraction of the budgets accorded to 'mainstream' technologies like oil and nuclear power? Elkington sets out to answer this question with a guided tour of solar and other renewables, energy-efficient machines and buildings, and the competition from fossil fuels and other sources.

The world Elkington envisages is one in which long-term problems for fossil fuels, like climate modification, add to the existing difficulties of nuclear power to mean a good outlook for renewable energy sources. The sums already add up well in some places, for example Japan where there are three million solar water-heating units in operation. New technology is constantly emerging to make renewable energy look better, microprocessor controls being a case in point, but the full potential is unlikely to be realised by the renewable energy industries in their present form.

Elkington's analysis is valuable because it does not minimise the difficulties faced by renewable energy if it is to contribute a significant share of the world's energy demand. But it is also clear that if the formula is got right, the potential is huge, with the possibility that a large percentage of world energy demand could be met with benign technologies in a few decades. The most accessible look at the problem yet.

Martin Ince

D.H. Lawrence and the Experience of Italy

JEFFREY MEYERS *Pennsylvania* £19

From 1912, Lawrence spent about a third of his life in Italy. He left England, 'a long ash-grey coffin, slowly submerging', and made his way with Frieda to a country where existence could be simple, unconscious and warm. It was always the rougher Italian folk-culture which attracted him, rather than the Renaissance sophistication of Venice or Rome — Lawrence was a spiritual traveller, never the tourist-connoisseur. But he also suffered from the travel writer's disease — the longing to be somewhere else. 'Travel seems to me a splendid lesson in disillusion', he wrote, and he was soon cursing the Italians for their greed and vanity. Italy, however, maintained one final decisive advantage: it provided him with a constant creative stimulus.

All the tensions of this situation are explored in Jeffrey Meyers's quietly authoritative study, which embraces the whole range of Lawrence's Italian *oeuvre* — from the paintings and animal poems to the masterly essay on the expatriate Maurice Magnus and the Verga translations — as well as covering some dense biographical ground. Meyers emphasises an undercurrent of despair and neurosis in the pure travel writing at the expense of the straightforward sensual relish for the natural world evident in something like 'Flowery Tuscany' — but elsewhere he is judicious to the point of self-effacement.

Only the chapter on Lawrence's politics braves controversy. Meyers makes a case against the general assumption that Lawrence supported Mussolini and suggests that his preference for a sort of mystical authoritarianism dissolved in the last years of his life, as he turned to myths of personal resurrection. With Lawrence, of course, selected quotation can prove almost anything, and a degree of partisanship in the argument is not altogether disguised.

Otherwise this book is completely without special pleading. At a time when Lawrence scholarship is looking so puffed-up and sterile, it is refreshing that so much of interest can be said so plainly.

Rupert Christiansen

Thomas Carlyle: A Biography

FRED KAPLAN *Cambridge* £25

Carlyle was cantankerous because he was constipated: he admitted it himself, attributing his complaint to 'that thrice-cursed stomach of mine'. No such affliction affected his output of the written word. The 'sage of Chelsea' wasted neither time nor words in letting his contemporaries know what was wrong with them and their society.

Nowadays, Carlyle's views are totally unacceptable. His worship of the 'hero', his condemnation of democracy, his anti-Semitism, his support of slavery, are unpalatable; but he did raise issues which provoked men into thinking and action, although he seldom had the answers to problems. He condemned hypocrisy and deception, and saw the dangers of materialism and a society structured on the eager creation of wealth. By 1853, Clough remarked, Carlyle had 'led us out into the desert, and left us there'. Yet his provocative capacity often proved positive, rather like Enoch Powell's or F.R. Leavis's.

Professor Kaplan has assiduously gathered a mass of evidence to establish this authoritative biography, concentrating on the man, not his writings, which are used merely to illuminate character.

Brian Martin

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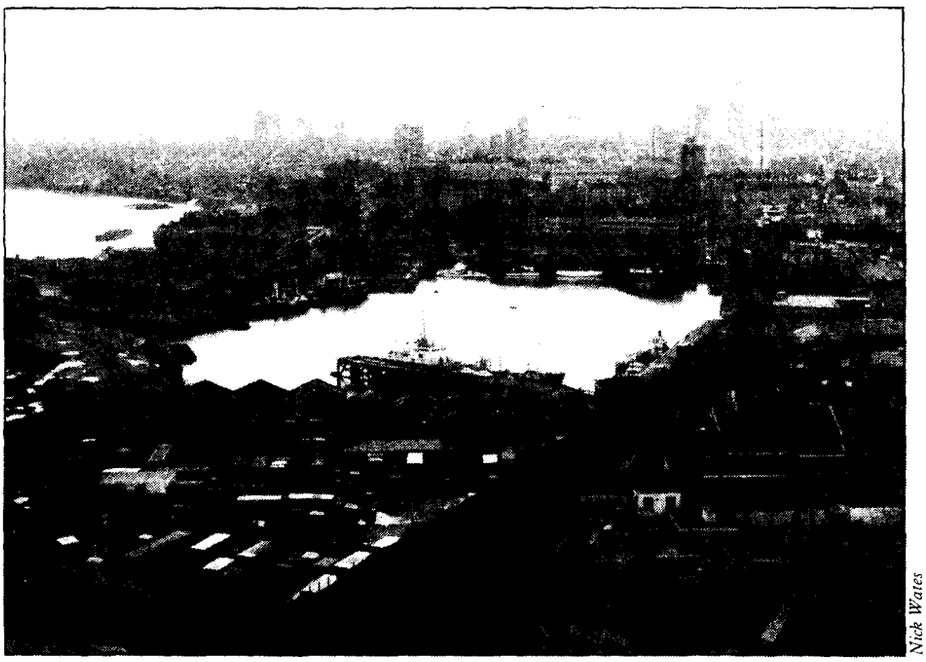
ENVIRONMENT
Jules Lubbock

Testing the water



Nick Wates

Looking west across the disputed basin

IN DOCKLANDS the government is bent upon a policy of depopulation and disemployment as rapacious as the enclosures of the common fields in the 18th century.

In the absence of planning inquiries it has been hard for outsiders to see what is happening. A recent inquiry into the development of Limehouse Basin, whose findings will soon appear, is a test case which will throw light upon the powers of the modern successors to the Enclosure Commissioners — the London Docklands Development Corporation, or LDDC.

Until its closure in 1969 Limehouse Basin was the dock which connected the Port of London to the Regents Canal and the whole canal system. It lies a mile and a half from Tower Bridge. From Tudor times the area was a centre for ship and barge building. Across its northern edge runs the disused viaduct of the world's first rapid transit railway, designed by Stephenson. To the north-east is St Anne's, whose bizarre tower is one of the great landmarks build by Hawksmoor which cross East London in a grand sweep from Spitalfields to Greenwich.

The dilapidated sheds around the quays still house a variety of firms — warehouses, light engineering and scrap processing — which employ about 900 people.

For years the landlord, the British Waterways Board, dawdled over plans to develop the 11½ acres of land and 10½ acres of water. Then, out of the blue, in 1980, they organised a closed competition for six developers and their architects to present schemes. In February 1982 the winner was announced: Hunting Gate Homes Ltd and their architect Richard Seifert.

Seifert's scheme was a 1960s comprehensive development dressed up in the cute vernacular of pitched roofs and brick verandahs. Six hundred jobs would go. The 10½ acres of water would be reduced to six, and the land increased to 16 acres on which 436 luxury homes selling for £100,000 and more, 100,000 square feet of offices, some shops, pubs and restaurants would be built surrounding the basin. The basin itself would become a private marina with facilities for the Waterways Board to hire canal boats. Fishing would be permitted, and the general public could walk on the quays.

The LDDC were prepared to grant planning permission, with one major proviso. Against Seifert's wishes they asked the Secretary of State for the Environment to decide whether the scheme was a major departure from the statutory development plans for the area. Hence the public inquiry.

Why did the LDDC ask for an inquiry? The explanation is highly technical. The LDDC was set up in 1981 to take over the powers of local authorities to grant planning permission within the 5,000 acres of Docklands. But the authority to make these plans remained with the boroughs and the GLC. Nonetheless, the LDDC is expected to produce 'Area Development Strategies', and a 'secret' LDDC document made public during the inquiry argues that these local strategies are 'in all but name local plans' which should act 'as marketing tools to secure maximum private investment'. An Area Development Strategy for Limehouse was produced in November 1982. The existing Greater London Development Plan (GLDP) dates back to 1976, and the Tower Hamlets Borough Plan is still in draft form, so the inquiry could be a test-case for the de facto plan-making powers of the LDDC.

Certainly at the inquiry the LDDC chief planner, Ted Hollamby, argued that, insofar as the GLDP was not obsolete, Seifert's mixed development, including the offices, was not a serious departure from the statutory plans (GLDP) which designated the basin for recreational use.

The GLC replied that the basin was not a Preferred Office Location in the GLDP, nor was it an appropriate place for offices even though the Plan allowed for a degree of flexibility. Then the Limehouse Development Group (mainly middle-class locals) produced expert witnesses who argued that the infilling of four-and-a-half acres of water, the absence of adequate services on the quays and the disturbance which a flourishing marina would cause the future residents suggested that the recreational uses would not be viable. The housing round the water would act as a signal to local people to keep out. The marina was purely cosmetic.

Why then had the Waterways Board backed Seifert? The Board's primary statutory duty is to maintain its waterways for commercial and recreational use. Only in the case of assets not in operation is it required by statute to secure 'the best financial return'. If it is correct that the development would frustrate the basin's potential for recreation by the general public, it could be that the Board is in breach of its primary obligations.

The LDG produced an outline scheme of their own to demonstrate that the basin could be put to a better public use. They argued that there is an appalling lack of recreational facilities in Limehouse, which has no centre to give it identity. There is Mile End Park half-a-mile to the north along Regents Canal, the Museum of Labour History, the churchyard and a canoeing club half-a-mile to the east at Shadwell. That is all. LDG's planning adviser Nick Falk of Urbed, proposed an incremental development under the control of a representative Development Trust in which the basin and other land could be vested.

The 900 jobs would remain, new firms servicing the basin could move in on derelict sites and as existing properties became vacant. Roads and footpaths would open up the area. The final section of the towpath from Regents Park to the Thames, and running through Mile End Park, could be opened to the public. Housing association schemes, as well as some private housing, would ensure that the basin did not become a socially exclusive enclave and the profits would be ploughed back into further improvements.

Falk's ideas are based upon the theories of Jane Jacobs and have been adopted successfully in Baltimore, Bristol and elsewhere. They also draw upon the success of Covent Garden and Camden Lock. A criticism that can be made of them, however, is that in both places the 'incremental growth' of wine bars has driven out most of the useful shops used by local people. Without careful control the LDG's scheme could become as exclusive as Seifert's. The council tenants canvassed by the LDG wanted small shops, a vegetable market, a sports centre, low-cost family homes and a variety of employment.

But the central issue must be the basin itself. The organisers of the Shadwell Basin Canoeing Club argue that, as the Thames terminus for the

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whole British canal system, the basin is a national as well as a local asset and could be made into a major harbour for powerboat cruising. Many local people already build and maintain their own boats, and at Limehouse Basin the ancient boat-building industry could be revived. This seems an imaginative and well-informed idea which could be central to a Limehouse Basin Trust. One hopes the Secretary of State will reject Seifert's scheme and advise the LDDC to explore these other possibilities.

Unfortunately, the LDDC, like the Enclosure Commissioners before, has been established to effect 'improvements' which will drive out unproductive industry and turn the whole riverside from Tower Bridge to Limehouse and beyond into London's equivalent to Brooklyn Heights. In return for such opportunities developers are encouraged to build low-cost housing on inland sites to the north of the Royal Docks at Woolwich under the flight path of the proposed Stolport airstrip. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Alien corn

IN A KITSCH-DRENCHED medium, holiday programmes are the purest dollops of the stuff. Like religious, show-jumping and golfing shindigs they function in outposts of corn now sadly forgotten by the newer breed of TV operatives, who wring the last drop of 'validity' out of embarrassment and suffering. In Cliff Michelmore's **Holiday** (BBC-1) we followed a trip for 'the independent over-30s' to the Gulf of Solerno. First came the Welcome Cocktail. 'I want each of you to turn and shake hands with a member of the opposite sex,' yelled the MC. This was a big moment for the independent over-30s, as they had each paid £350 (with supplements for being unaccompanied) for just one week of independence. Any holiday-makers fancying a bit of dependence on the side, and understanding 'over-30' to mean at worst 'under-50', may have been disappointed to find everybody on the tour to be in their late sixties. I suppose they had to make do with 'a pleasant time for making new friends'. It's waiting for all of us.

ITV's attempt at the genre, **Wish You Were Here,** is perhaps the choicest specimen of its kind. This week it visited Oberammergau, home of the Passion Play, whose current Pontius Pilate, we were assured, is only into Elton John and the Pink Floyd. (Pontius Pilate was a heavy metal band whose early concept album, *Passion Play,* has long been misunderstood.)

Transplanted between the acts to the Gambia, 'that long, thin splinter in the side of Africa' (sic), Judith Chalmers's richly clichéd personality was soon at home among 'the pounding drums and whirling rhythms' of a cabaret turn 'put on for the sun-seekers'. 'The beach isn't the main attraction,' she told us, indicating the Gambia's touching attempt at a Caribbean look. 'Most sun-seekers prefer lounging round the pool.' (Shots of same.) Later the sun-seekers were waggling their bums to them there drums. 'In Africa,' Judith explained, 'drums speak louder than words and dancers leap and stamp in an explosion of rhythm.' (Shots of same.) The holiday now visited a remote area where 'the remoteness of the school transcends its primitive conditions', or possibly the other way round. Great strides have been made here in the field of hygiene, it seems, although 'the drums remain timeless, and that's about enough for this week'.

In **Saving the Children** (ITV), Princess Anne visited a part of Africa where the black man's famous Sense of Rhythm was nowhere apparent. We learnt that the kind of leprosy she had been so publicly gallant about shaking hands with in Upper Volta wasn't in fact contagious, but that she herself, mud-stained and bush-shirted, was rather likeable under such circumstances: 'What you have to do is find a level at which you can help and a level which the people you want to help can cope with after you've gone.' It sounded spontaneous, anyway.

In the **One Pair of Eyes** catch-all (BBC-1), humorist John Wells followed a chimpanzee's investigation into the mysterious cause and purpose of work in the human being. The chimp interviewed anthropologist Francis Huxley and smiled at his bits of nervous sexual innuendo. In the Amazon, Huxley told him, the natives were always on the lookout for extra crumpet. As far as he remembered there wasn't a word for leisure, but there was a little-used one for work. He was of the opinion, and the chimp seemed to go along with this, that it was women who were the cause of work in men, rather than some outside force. 'I'm not suggesting that there is an intrinsic instinct to work in the male, but that it is acquired.' Wells, carrying on a teasing, scholarly dialogue with the slightly condescending animal, concluded on his behalf that no-work was even more oppressive than work-work: 'The prison house is open and yet we hanker for the bars.' (It seemed unfortunate to count a zoo animal similarly afflicted.

The Money Programme (BBC-2) was watched on account of its video on the video plague. Roughly contemporaneous with AIDS and herpes, this unsightly epidemic was first introduced into Pop by the Queen rock group ten years ago. 'What we in the trade call Bo Rap,' said Pete Wagg of Chrysalis records. 'It's easier to say than *Bohemian Rhapsody.*' I wonder what his own name is easier to say than. Robert Pittman of the famous but floundering MTV video station in New York nearly creamed himself with insightfulness. Videos did not function linearly via plot and storyline, he tried to make us understand, but through mood and emotion. 'You watch it not to find out what is going to happen, but to *feel* something.' What to feel about something is an area Americans are notoriously hazy in, hence these 'visual feeling kits' that are currently being packaged with songs to fill them in on the responses required of them by the manufacturers, suspension of taste for example. John Peel, whom the music biz is currently trying to prise from his key evening spot for keeping them too constantly on their democratically sneakered toes, was less than enthusiastic: 'If you're spending £100,000 on a video you can't afford to have the fashions changing too fast, otherwise your investment doesn't have time to mature. Providing the group looks pretty, has the right haircut and can wear the shirts they are going to get the contract.'

John Peel isn't the only one being hounded by Business. On **Diverse Reports** (C4) Adam Raphael explained how Sir George Young, dedicated anti-smoking campaigner at the Dpt of Health, found himself mysteriously moved sideways to the Dpt of the Environment just as he was starting to make himself felt. He produced concrete evidence of how the tobacco giants manipulate the government while continuing to increase TV advertising ('sponsorship'!). A tobacco PR called Forest reasoned that 'smoking may cause death, but this should if anything decrease the cost to the NHS' — a line of reasoning which obviously recommended itself to the Thatch. 'The tobacco companies are particularly concerned with young people,' puffed the disingenuous Norman Fowler to the usual supposed audience of supposed half-wits and/or share-holders. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Instant whip

Champions (PG)
Odeon, Leicester Square
Flight to Berlin (15)
Camden Plaza; Chelsea Cinema
Testament (PG)
Gate, Notting Hill; Gate, Bloomsbury
Risky Business (18)
Warner; Studio; etc.

Horses for courses might be the week's aspiring story, with the cheery corollary that British is best. A bit, then, like farting in church to suggest that John Irvin's **Champions** is a non-starter, the sort of emotional pabulum that tends to inspire instant regurgitation, inspirational — in fact — in the lowest, laziest sense. Bob Champion is a courageous steeplechase jockey who, stricken by cancer, reluctantly but steadfastly endured chemotherapy, with its attendant physical fall-out (baldness, dry-heaves and worse), through relapses, to come back to life to the fairy-tale extent of winning the Grand National in 1981. This actually happened and what's more the horse he rode, Aldaniti, had unusually recovered from tendon-trouble — in the normal run of the turf the quadruped would have been

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quietly put down. Something similar should have been done to the movie, the script, before the awful machinery of putting this one-off double-triumph on to neighbourhood screens went into motion.

Almost inevitably, since the true tale is one of private, difficult heroism (or even the manner of sudden self-retrieval that Dylan Thomas voiced in 'Rage, rage against the dying of the light'), both director and writer — Evan Jones, working from a published version by Champion, and Jonathan Powell — resort to a selling mode. Ubiquitous Carl Davis furnishes a musical score that is pure chintz, appallingly nudging and dictating, aural upholstery, and there is a reliance on slow-motion intercuts of man on horse against skyline that is, at the least, pushy. John Hurt, who by now has a corner in wince-eyed oddballs, does — in all fairness — his uttermost to portray the ambiguous charm and agony of Champion. Edward Woodward brings brilliant acerbity to the role of trainer Josh Gifford, a bastard when necessary. Jan Francis is furiously contained and erotic for England as the wife to be; Alison Steadman sterling as Champion's sister down on the farm; a child-actress, as his niece, calls him 'Uncle Kojak' and stuns when she abruptly kisses him, murmuring 'We think you're wonderful'. Everyone, you might say, does his or her bit — nurses at the London Cancer Hospital, a steely woman doctor (Judy Parfitt) who withholds her great news a suspenseful moment too long for reality but exactly right for a commercial break-heart, solemn tots at the hospital who shame Champion into wanting to live.

But it's a package deal, however splendidly played and swiftly cut. The most harrowing moments, the most brutally effective, come in a Grand National sequence where fences, hedges, hurdles and ditches are so presented visually as to make one care more for the horses. That this takes visceral precedence over Hurt going bald, Hurt hurting via every made-up wrinkle, Hurt fighting to convey the reality of what Bob Champion had to endure — well, it makes his dreadful predicament look a naughty indulgence beside what the beasts are unwittingly confronted with. You emerge feeling racegoers are shits, which indicates someone has got his priorities misplaced.

This, then, is the flip side of British cinema: superbly acted, decently written in staccato, quite plausible style, a nicely visualised attempt to hawk heroics, the celluloid equivalent of those much-abused 'Aunt Edna' plays of Terence Rattigan: crafted stuff. Chris Petit's **Flight to Berlin** — slow on the heels of his *Radio On* and *An Unsuitable Job for a Woman*, a right pair of bummers in my book — manifestly rejects such facile and stereotyped entertainment. In his own words, gratefully garnered from the BFI's *Monthly Film Bulletin* for March, 'When we were cutting it, we decided that the film's main asset was a positive sense of the ridiculous. I mean, we couldn't find anything else in it.' Taken out of context, these observations do his latest movie no disservice. Loosely drawn from an unpublished novel by Jennifer Potter set in Paris, it shifts to Germany where a worried woman, Susannah (Tusse Silberg) may or may not have fled after having killed another woman. She meets up in Berlin with her sister Julie and some men it takes an unconscionable time to identify: lovers, husbands, who cares? Clearly not Mr Petit, who scrupulously ensures that he is more concerned with a kind of rejection of homespun British films by piling ineptitude on ineptitude. Eddie Constantine is enlisted, *in propria persona*, to mouth garbage — one would like to think tongue-in-chic. The ultimate thrust against bourgeois film-making as such comes multiform: cutting as if done with a trowel, dubbing to make you laugh, a plot so churned up as to be indecipherable. *This* is alternative cinema?

Back at the American factory there are two issues that only faintly flutter interest, concern. Lynne Littman's **Testament** is a peculiarly pallid and unconvincing projection of how folks behave in Hamlin, California, when someone somewhere drops the nuclear dose on parts of the USA. Incidents, minutiae, within a three-child family ruled by journal-keeping momma (Jane Alexander, a holding presence), are allowed unlikely screen-space: there must be absolute horrors elsewhere, liable to rape their domestic, basically soap-opera homestead. A fearfully well-meant piece, it only creates its genuine climate of hypertension randomly, ma lustfully grabbing at the local priest when dad's evidently dead and corpse-bonfires burn, sly use of old home-movies. **Risky Business** finds the scriptwriter of *Citizens Band*, Paul Brickman, directing a first feature about accommodations between rich Chicago college boys and call-girls that appears to be pleased with itself. □

MUSIC
Andrew Clements

History man

BBC Symphony Orchestra
Festival Hall/Radio 3

It was just like the good old days at the Festival Hall recently: the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Boulez in a programme of Webern, Bartok and two works by Boulez himself. The BBC Symphony's public concerts may have lost the crusading edge they had when William Glock and Boulez set about trying to change the whole outlook of London concert life in the 1960s and early '70s, but they still provide the only worthwhile helping of 20th-century orchestral music to be heard on the South Bank. Boulez's appearance — a rare one now that his attention is so firmly fixed on IRCAM and the *Ensemble Contemporain* — came under the banner of the current 'Music of Eight Decades' series organised jointly by the BBC and the London Sinfonietta. More of that splendid enterprise and its odious *Doppelgänger* the Great British Music Festival in a fortnight's time, but Boulez's concert struck such a powerful vein of nostalgia and raised such fascinating points that it deserves separate treatment.

When originally announced, the programme promised the first British performance of Boulez's early (1947, revised 1952) *Le Visage nuptial*, settings of René Char for women's voices and orchestra and his first vocal work. It promised a glimpse of the young composer — using highly charged, sexual imagery in a work of enormous emotional range and complexity and a musical language that for the only time in his career employed quarter tones systematically. Sadly *Le Visage* did not materialise; one wonders whether it is at present performable to the standards of accuracy Boulez and his audience have come to take as the norm. In its place was another Char setting that has its origins in the same period, *Le Soleil des eaux*, in its most recent revision; a relatively familiar piece inasmuch as one version has been recorded and Boulez included it several times in concerts during his spell as the BBC's Chief Conductor.

In the past new Boulez works had a habit of not appearing. But the novelty of the evening arrived on schedule: the first performance of the 'revised version' of the third *Improvisation sur Mallarmé*, one of the five movements that make up his 'Portrait of Mallarmé', *Pli selon pli*. It might seem a relatively insignificant event, a new revision of part of a reasonably well known work, especially from a composer so fond of casting critical backward glances at old compositions. Yet nothing Boulez does is straightforward or insignificant. I've probably devoted more space to him than to any other composer in this column in the last half dozen years, for the very good reason that he has been the pivotal figure in Western music since 1945, its leading propagandist, mentor and most gifted creative genius. The circuitous progress of his career as a composer has mirrored fairly precisely the development of the avant garde, its periods of linguistic doubts and certainties. So 'work in progress' became a familiar description in his catalogue of compositions and it would be as foolish to explain these away in terms of simple creative barrenness as to point for explanation to his parallel career as a conductor, a surrogate for genuine creative endeavour.

More single-mindedly than any other composer Boulez has stuck to the task of refining and developing the musical idiom bequeathed to him and his contemporaries by the great composers of the first half of the century. While others with more stylistic aplomb but perhaps less intellectual honesty have adapted and survived, Boulez has endeavoured to evolve rather than change course, and if this has cost him some years of compositional life, he would probably regard it as time well spent. In the third *Improvisation* he has tackled yet again the problem of performer choice in ordering a composition. The original score was the most open-ended of all the movements in *Pli selon pli*, the most palpable

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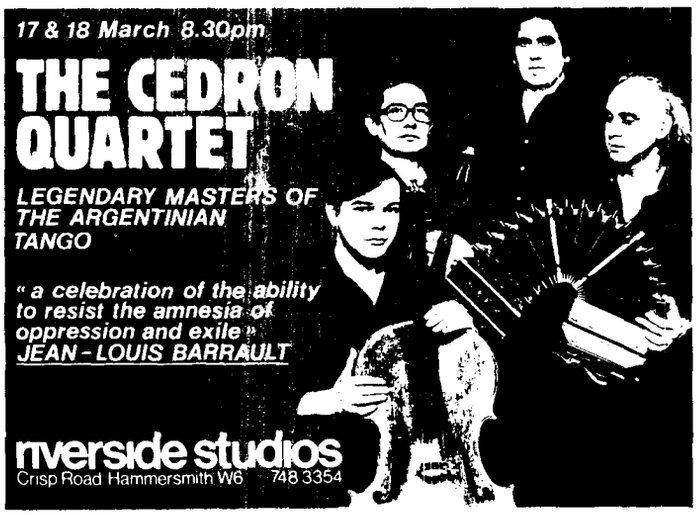
Literary

RIVERSIDE STUDIOS, Crisp Road, London W6 01-748 3354
RICHARD ELLMANN talks about "Writing James Joyce's Biography" Sunday 11 March 4pm
THREE TIMES THREE A rehearsed reading of a new play by EDMUND WHITE introduced by the author Sunday 11 March 7.30pm
NTOZAKE SHANGE reads from SASSAFRAS, CYPRESS & INDIGO Introduced by Paulette Randall, followed by discussion on black women's writing Thursday 15 March 7.30pm

Music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Festivals

LANCASTER LITERATURE FESTIVAL 18-25 March, poets, novelists, 'Women's Day', 'Irish Day,' progressive theatre, cabaret and film. Brochure and holiday details, 69 Church St., Lancaster. Tel. 0524 62166.

Galleries

PENTONVILLE GALLERY 47 Lambs Conduit Street, London WC1, 01-242 8629. Until 17 March Dirty Tricks, paintings and prints by John Yeadon. Tues-Fri 11am-6.30pm, Sat 11am-2pm. GLC funded, financially assisted by GLAA.

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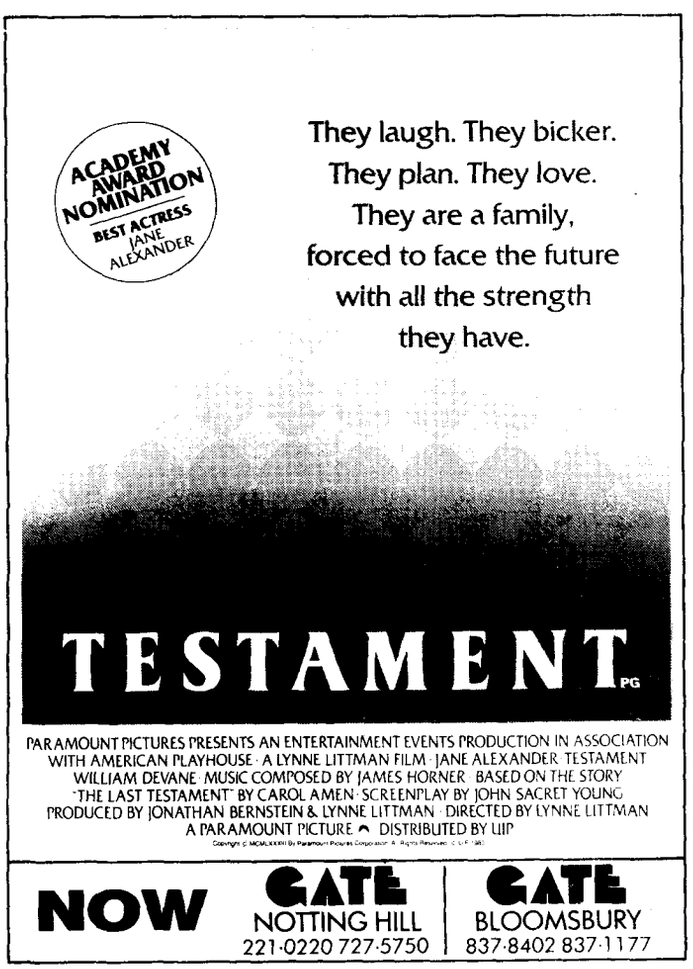
Cinema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WILLIAM DEVANE · MUSIC COMPOSED BY JAMES HORNER · BASED ON THE STORY "THE LAST TESTAMENT" BY CAROL AMEN · SCREENPLAY BY JOHN SACRET YOUNG
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attempt to convey in musical terms the Mallarméan concept of *aléa*. The score was produced in four coloured inks, signposting alternative routes that the performers could take through the score; because of that very complexity it has never been published.

As it was performed (serenely sung by Phyllis Bryn-Julson) in the BBC concert, the *Improvisation* has been shorn of its alternatives. They have in a sense been incorporated into the fabric of the score, for the other routes have been assigned to instrumental lines. Where before the soprano could choose from four alternative phrases, now she is assigned one, while instruments simultaneously play the others. Elsewhere Boulez has chosen to thicken the scoring, underpinning previously bare vocal lines. The total effect is to soften the outlines of a once austere and forbidding score, clothing the voice with more alluring sounds. Thus, in giving harder edges to the structure of the movement, he has contrived to dissolve away its block-like construction, overlapping and interweaving material that was previously built like a frieze. The implications for Boulez's attitude to chance procedures is considerable; maybe he will soon iron out the blueprint of the third piano sonata in the same way, and aleatoricism (in his music at least) will have been expunged almost completely. It's a fascinating way of rewriting musical history. □

THEATRE
Rosalind Carne

Voices

The Man Who Fell in Love With His Wife
TED WHITEHEAD *Lyric Studio*
The Mikado
GILBERT & SULLIVAN *Old Vic*

Sexual and emotional hermits apart, most of us are likely to catch our own reflection at some point in Ted Whitehead's deeply sympathetic story of the break-up of a marriage, **The Man Who Fell in Love with his Wife.** Women may find themselves identifying with the man, men may find themselves identifying with the woman, and this is one of the strengths of the piece. Despite the feminist implications of the plot and the surprising honesty with which it treats the fear and anxiety behind the myth of masculinity, it speaks of male and female qualities in all of us.

The play was first seen four years ago on BBC television as *Sweet Nothings*. It has been extensively rewritten for the stage, but its origins are still apparent in the rapid passage of time through the succession of short scenes, and these occasionally wrench audience credibility. The setting, designed by Poppy Mitchell, is also typical screen material — the interior of an unexceptional Liverpool house, followed by a spartan flat where the newly independent wife Mary sets up house alone.

Drama like this depends on fullness of characterisation, the ability to let an audience see mood switches through the pulsing of a vein and the twitch of an eyelid. Peter James's intense, intimate production does just this, thanks to detailed, passionate, but never overstated performances from Tom Bell and Lynn Farleigh.

He is Tom, a conventional Liverpool docker, equipped with a shell of steel over a marshmallow core. When his wife Mary decides, after 20 years of marriage, that it's time to go back to work the shell begins to crack. At first it seems as if her job could hardly be less threatening — a modest civil service post with a large female typing pool. But the lone man on the scene soon becomes the object of Tom's hysterical jealousy.

At the same time, his sudden recognition that his wife is still a sexy woman provokes a

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revitalisation of their private life which launches Mary into a state of pleasure and confusion in which the confusion gradually becomes the principal factor. It also provides a few classic comic moments, as when the teenage daughter Susy (Anna Lindup) arrives back from college to find Mum and Dad in the sitting-room playing naughty games with black underwear. Susy is creased up with amusement and we get a powerful sense of foreboding about her youthful optimism and the assurance with which she confronts her parents' turmoil.

A fourth character, Julia, helps open the way for Mary into a new world in which she can concentrate on her own needs. Jacqueline Tong brings an appealing lightness to this useful friend whose worldliness is a good foil to the concentrated introversion of the central couple.

Whitehead is rare among contemporary playwrights in his ability to let his characters say how they feel without ever allowing us to hear the sound of his own voice. The action flows from the tension between inevitability and unexpectedness that suffuses all our lives when lived at the height of consciousness. He keeps us guessing about the outcome of Tom's crisis, but manages to make the ending seem both surprising and absolutely right.

The play proved a bright spot in an otherwise lack-lustre week as I feel obliged to dissent from the predominantly enthusiastic reactions which greeted Brian MacDonald's production of the **Mikado** from Stratford, Ontario. Since D'Oyly Carte disbanded, it has become normal practice to judge the performances of Gilbert and Sullivan almost entirely on their dramatic and comic qualities. Certainly it's good to get rid of the plums around the larynx, but I prefer to hear the music sung with some vocal resonance. This was in short supply at the Old Vic, though perhaps nowadays we should at least be thankful that the company doesn't resort to microphones.

John Keane's Nanki-Poo and Marie Baron's Yum-Yum came nearest to the kind of fullness of tone one expects to hear on the professional stage, but both let the brash spirit of pantomime overwhelm their undoubted charms. In its attempts to strike a vibrant contemporary note, the humour is horribly laboured, with Pooh Bah (Richard MacMillan) and Pish-Tush (Paul Massel) hamming it up appallingly and making desperate attempts to work in current events, recent and not so recent, in order to draw laughs.

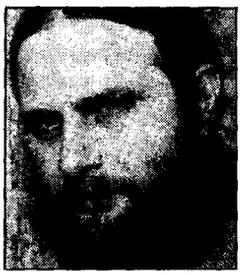
The best thing about the occasion is the chorus work, both vocally and choreographically. The men are especially good, distinctly oriental with none of the usual disfiguring heaviness. Susan Benson's costumes are splendid golden creations and the raised sandals are a perfect indication of varying social rank, as well as being an effective theatrical device. Together with Douglas Maclean she has produced a tasteful, Japanese mood with minimal fuss — a single perfectly placed tree, a glowing moon or an open fan. The stage never looks cluttered, but the effect would have been more joyful with a light backcloth instead of the overwhelmingly depressing black. □

Among this week's contributors:

MICHAEL HOFMANN'S collection of poems, *Nights in the Iron Hotel,* was published last autumn.

ALUN HOWKINS teaches history at the University of Sussex.

FIRST PERSON



Bill Greenwell

Loose upper lip

DON'T ACCEPT sweets from strangers. *Okay.* Don't accept lifts from strangers. *It's risky.* And don't speak to strangers.

Hang about! I *like* speaking to strangers. I get to worrying, *in fact,* when I'm hanging about on a street corner, waiting to pounce on a passer-by with a conversational gambit. I worry that the catchphrases dinned into us in childhood might have deleterious effects.

For instance. I was in London recently, the straw still stiff in my bumpkin lips, and I'd taken to the Tube. Attempting to balance an ancient *A-Z* on one knee while fingering the map in the back of my diary, it struck me that local assistance might be handy. So I approached the guard and asked him the way. Yes, we were racketing through the tunnels and I just quizzed him gently in a casual, what-if-I-got-off-at-North-Acton sort of way.

The carriage froze. It was an H.M. Bateman job: The Man Who Moved His Jaw On The London Underground. Lips already pursed turned white with tightening.

But I've always liked an idle word with an unknown — a nob to hob with, a chit to chat with, I'm impartial. The smallest smidgeon of talk has its pleasures. Is this a provincial quirk? Taking a bit of indiscriminate hot air with sundry, even all, is this permissible only outside the metropolis? The caricature of London, I know, is of silent commuters, pin-striped or pin-headed, and it's been played for last laughs in comedy sketches for years. But is it true?

Well, whether or not, my preference is for the tattle-prattle of a Northern bus. It was while waiting for one of these, on that bog-eyed early morning after the first moon-landing, that I had my favourite exchange. A stream of mildly genial piffle had threaded through my teeth in the direction of an elderly lady. Risking a rare topical note, I cheerily remarked upon the phenomena some hundred thousand miles away. Her riposte was one that really earnest rabbiters like myself exist for: 'They diven't wanna gan up there. *They'll put the light out.*'

A yet more metaphysical encounter also took place in the proximity of buses. It was an incidental episode of the sort that kicks over rows of philosophical dominoes. I had been reading Luke Rhinehart's *The Dice Man,* one of several hundred novels purporting to be about to change my life but the only one including a theory to take account of the other great changes caused by Books. As I recall, rather rustily, it sets out to show that personality does not as such exist. The self is instead an adjustable unit, a sort of clump of Lego, which can be speedily assembled in various ways to suit the occasion.

I was waiting in the depot caff. A man approached. Hailed me, namelessly. Could he sit at my table? Of course! A harmless chunter was just what I was ready for. It began harmlessly. Then, about five minutes in, he threw a very curly one across the formica at me. 'How's your wife?' he asked. 'I haven't seen her for a good while.' At that time, I was extremely unmarried. But I rose, grinning flexibly, to the challenge.

'Well.'

'Is she still working at the same place?'

This was harder, but Yes, I said, cautiously, rapidly deploying my bits of new identity. And now he became more familiar still, forcing me to use every iota of my prattling experience to answer him, constructing a complex Self to fit the pattern of his diligent queries. When, after 20 minutes, during which my personality had submitted to extensive plastic surgery, my bus arrived, the fellow threw in a final request for 30p, with which I obliged before dashing off for the double-decker.

And that, I concluded, would be that. An exercise in Chatterboxing, Grade VI, with some tricky improvisation handled more than adequately, and at no major cost. (Well, someone lent me 30p for my lunch a bit later.) However, this was not the end of the story. A few days afterwards as I walked on the local cathedral green with a friend, there emerged a familiar figure from behind a low wall. 'Hello!' it cried. 'Hello again! How have you been keeping?'

I don't know if you have ever tried out the business of splitting your personality at the drop of a hat, but it is not easy to keep two upper lips stiff. There was no time to explain the predicament to my companion, as, gibbering lightly, I parried further questions about my 'wife', my 'children' (I had two), and the deal of fun we had that night when our mutual chum dropped dead drunk in The Flying Horse, and so forth. I think it cost me 50p this time — he was a skilful spouter of trivia — and left me with a friend in a state of advanced bewilderment. My persona was completely *non grata.*

Incidentally, I thought Tony Perkins was terrific in *Psycho.* □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2812 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Since it was reported that Princess Anne would have liked to have been a lorry driver, we have been trying to imagine the scene in the transport caff where HRH has just dropped in for a cupper. Suggestions please, max. 150 words, by 23 March.

No 2809 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Reviews which, while appearing to praise, damn.

Report **By Babe Bio**

Okay. All right. Not *bad* I suppose. One or too even had me laughing. Not eccactly rolling about on the *flore,* nothing embarrasing like that; but making the sort of sophisticated snort-from-the-tip-of-the-nostrles that the midle-aged weirdos who run this place perform while their

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flipping through the entries. Your reviews of *real* books/films/plays were slitely sharper than the made-up numbers, but I've given my stamp of aproval to some of each. I'll tell you what gets on my tits, though: if theres one realy obvious gag per week, you can bet that half of you will make it. This week's was epitermised by George Cowley's entry: 'This novel gives a highly accurate step-by-step account of the boredom of everyday life.' (Others took 20 lines to make the same joke). Nothing for you lot (not even George) but a Wellington eech to the following:

How staunch and sterling the Thatcherism of *The Jewel in the Crown*: retrenchment all the way. One does not know which to admire more: the economy of actual incident; or the exhaustive stamina with which characters, not otherwise analytic, endlessly sift the arcane significance of such momentous occurrences as a pebble slung through a motor window. Butterfly-shawls, scorpions, apostle spoons — all ache with a symbolic inwardness that is forever heaving to be born but is never, thank Shiva, actually delivered. What a triumph of Scott's authorial tact, moreover, never to distance himself from the slipshod banality of his characters' own narratives, but to insist democratically on embodying them in an outer commentary that is, if anything, even more indefatigably ill-written.

TERRY TOWLING

Mr Larkin's latest collection of critical pieces exhibits a refusal to be seduced by the treacherous glamours of modernist aesthetics, poetry written in foreign languages, or notions of social or political engagement. He is above all an English poet, rooted in that broad national experience of provincial grammar school, Oxford and bibulous lunches with Kingsley Amis. Amis, in fact, emerges as the *eminence grise* of this world of letters, a twentieth-century Maecenas. One is impressed by the courageous refusal of both writers to entertain critical shibboleths about the intellectual seriousness and cultural importance of the art of poetry. In their hands English poetry is safe from the depredations of philosophy, criticism, artistic experiment and the literature of other nations.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

In *An American Dream*, Norman Mailer offers his readers a highly unusual novel. With extreme boldness, he challenges most received standards of taste and expression. Not many authors would have felt themselves at home with such a plot (wife-murdering war-hero professor and TV star outwits the law) or such saltiness of incident and vocabulary. He is not afraid to give offence, and his approach stresses imagination and invention over mere credibility. Moreover, he is quite unsnobbish about employing the themes and techniques of popular fiction: he has gone for impact rather than ivory-tower refinement. So to confront the prejudices of conventional good taste and sanity requires great courage, and Mailer powerfully illustrates the dark, destructive side of our nature in unforgettably graphic images. Only those who cavil at rape, buggery and homicide will need to read this with a sickbag at their side.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Passion, perplexity, the 'darkness of man's heart' — all these have been tastefully eschewed in Peter Brook's ingenious and tactful film version of *Lord of the Flies*. The erstwhile master of the Theatre of Cruelty has once more shown his ability to surprise us; his 'film for all the family' will be widely welcomed. Brook's young actors have evidently been encouraged to develop their own insights. Much freshness of perception ensues: it will be hard to forget Ralph, pretty of face and movement, and really quite firm with the others in his own little way; Simon, interestingly freckled and adenoidal; Jack, sometimes a bit of a spoilsport, who becomes rather cross on occasion; jolly 'Piggy', the wag of the group.

I. D. M. MORLEY

'While Carol and the girls unpacked, Bob donned his bright yellow wellingtons for a well deserved walk along the cliff. Before long, sea spray had misted up his glasses.' With these opening lines Felicity Smyth wastes no time in plunging the reader into one of the most compelling episodes in her 800-page epic, *Newquay Again*. Those who know *Hullo Newquay* will recognise the Forbes family, but for the benefit of any new readers each character is painstakingly introduced. Enthusiasts for other works published by this author will be well satisfied with its standard and will feel at home with the familiar plot. Punctuation and spelling are matchless, and her material so decorous as to offend no one.

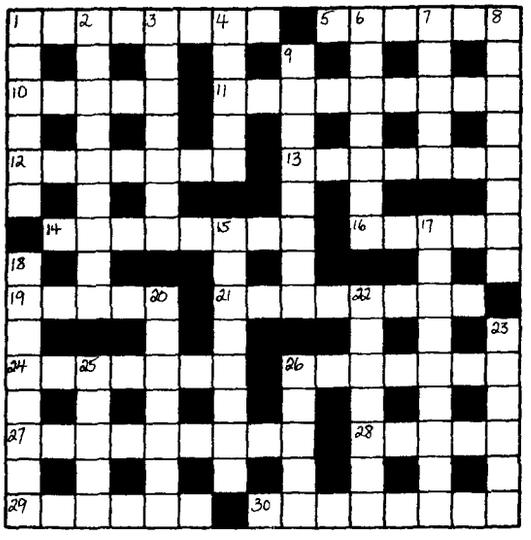
ROB HULL

The Hives is emphatically not a video nasty. Nasties, like all debased art forms, aspire to shock whilst ultimately pandering to bourgeois morality. *The Hives* contains beneath its ugly surface an equally ugly and unpalatable message. Quite what this message is remains necessarily obscure, but the integrity of, say, the decapitation scenes is clear enough. One set-piece — the abattoir sequence — succeeds in challenging preconceptions about incest, buggery and cannibalism simultaneously. The recurrent beekeeping motif includes a stunning slow-motion shot of a bee stinging a tumescent penis, which pays overt tribute to Peckinpah, Yoko Ono and Virgil's *Georgics*. This unforgettable four-hour epic makes *Killer Driller* look like a vicarage tea-party — and you can quote me.

PETER NORMAN

Weekend Crossword 1432

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1432, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 20 March.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

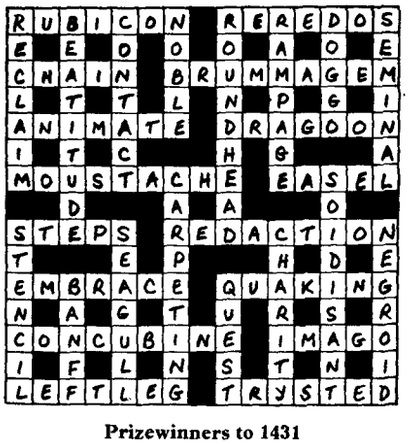
1. The finest way of travelling is to cover the ground on foot (8)
5. Concealed and held by a communist leader back in town (6)
10. Points obtained either side of court make one faint (5)
11. Articles about iron being seen in the finest celebration (9)
12. Without one a little boy is nimbler (7)
13. Ashamed of a woman being into an evil (7)
14. Longing for youth employment (8)
16. Air helps one to get here quickly (5)
19. Relaxed in the scattering of a seed (5)
21. Nymph who appears like this in space (8)
24. When giving a licking, hit someone who is leaning over (7)
26. Settled down since home had priority (7)
27. Wiser broadcast taken in by excellent broadcaster (9)
28. Go up for more (5)
29. Exists among people as a religious belief (6)
30. Treading awkwardly because of the slope (8)

DOWN

1. Bowls when the university side are batting second? (6)
2. Late news which makes saint indulge in persecution (9)
3. Getting money for the house that is right, he does not work for a living (7)
4. Prevent being born among those with close ties (5)
6. Ate up after time to get rid of wind (7)
7. Politician who makes the temperature a little hot (5)
8. Fighters who give thanks and take action in war (8)
9. Part of France to discuss under water? (8)
15. One enters a part of London to support in idleness (8)
17. Being a MP is the recreation of the senile (9)
18. Third leg broken, a sign that there is danger (3,5)
20. Dredges enclosed parts of a river? (7)
22. The man to be economical? (7)
23. See inside distribution of trade to discover what makes people buy (6)
25. State which has the sound of the sea (5)
26. Low place back in Florida near the sea (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1431


RUBICON REREDOS
E E O O O A O E
CNAIN BRUMMAGEM
L T T L N P G I
ANIMATE DRAGOON
I T C H G A
MOUSTACHE EASEL
D A A O
STEPS REDACTION
T E P H D E
EMBRACE QUAKING
N A G T U R S R
CONCUBINE IMAGO
I F L N S T N I
LEFTLEG TRYSTED

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LISTINGS

FRI 9 MARCH

LONDON 'Women in Nicaragua' Spkr Magda Enriques, Nicaraguan Women's Assoc. Rep. on Council of State, 7.30pm, Council Chamber, County Hall, SE1. **Details: Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign, 20-21 Compton Terr, N1. 01-359 8982.**

PERTH 'Poverty in Scotland – the real divide'. Spkrs Robin Cook MP, Gordon Brown MP. 5.30 pm City Mills Hotel. **Org Scottish Fabian Society. Details: H. R. McMahon 0294 66692.**

AYLESBURY 'First Strike Nuclear Warfare Slide Show'. Spkr Howard Morland 8pm Civic Centre. **Org Professions for World Disarmament & Development. Details: David Guinness 01-328 3432 (day) Zoe Sanders 01-743 2520 (eves).**

TOTTENHAM 'Closure of the Prince of Wales Hospital'. Spkrs Norman Atkinson MP, Lino Fusco. 7.30 pm Town Hall. **Org Haringey Health Emergency Campaign.**

SAT 10 MARCH

LONDON 'End British Collaboration with Apartheid – a call to action!' Films, discns, workshops. Spkrs incl: ANC, SWAPO, Ken Livingstone. 11-5pm Adelaide Centre, 12 Adelaide St, WC2. Lunch/creche. **Org City of London Anti-Apartheid Grp 01-837 6050.**

LONDON 'Poverty in Europe' Fabian Society Conf. Director: Peter Townsend. Camden Town Hall, Euston Rd, NW1. **Details: 01-222 8877.**

CLYDEBANK CND BLITZ Commemoration March. Assemble gates of Dalmiur Park 12 noon to march to Clydebank shopping centre. Rally spkrs Joan Ruddock, Norman Buchan MP, Ron Todd, TGWU. **Details: Liz Cochrane, SCND 041 339 9390 eves./041-445 2822 day. John Morgan, Clydebank CND 37 73925.**

PERTH 'The Tories, Trades Unions and the Law'. Spkrs John Smith, QC, MP, Dr Keith Ewing, Douglas Henderson GMBATU, 5.30 pm Salutation Hotel. Org Scottish Fabian Society. Details: 0294 66692/031 225 4297.

LONDON 'The Making of the European Socialist Manifesto' Spkr Jenny Little, International Sec. Labour Party. 2 pm Camden Labour Club, Upstairs Rm. 4 Carol St, NW1. **Org International Foundation Left Europe, UK Grp. Details: Rosemary Ross, 21 Connaught Rd, Harpenden, Herts. 05827 5399.**

LONDON Public Forum of London Energy & Employment Network set up to create jobs through saving energy in London. 10.30-4.30 GLC County Hall, SE1. **Details: Colin Hines, LEEN, 258 Pentonville Rd, N1. 01-278 2069.**

SUN 11 MARCH

LONDON 'Conciliation and family Law' Spkrs Mrs Registrar Moorhouse, Martin Stevens MP on Matrimonial Proceedings Bill. 2 pm Westminster Cathedral Conference Centre, Francis St, SW1. **Org Families Need Fathers.**

MON 12 MARCH

LONDON Picket Home Office Prison Dept, 89 Eccleston Sq, SW1. 12-2pm. **Org S. London Irish Solidarity Comm. Box 1320, WC1N 3XX.**

LONDON 'Shot down by the media: the fate of the Greenham Common women', discn led by Helen John, 7pm Prince Albert, 37 Wharfdale Rd, N1. **Org Journalists Against Nuclear Extermination. 01-278 7916.**

TUES 13 MARCH

TOWER HAMLETS 'Labour's Crisis' Spkr Paul Hirst, 8 pm, 178 Whitechapel Road, E1. **Org Tower Hamlets Fabian Society.**

RICHMOND 'Orwell and the Future of British Socialism'. Spkr Prof. Bernard Crick. 8pm Richmond Labour Party, 57 Church Rd. **Details: 01-940 6307.**

WED 14 MARCH

LONDON 'Nicaragua and the Cold War' Spkr Jane Dibblin, END Journal. 7 pm upstairs rm. 'Grafton Arms' 72 Grafton Way, W1. **Org. London END, Roger Manser, Flat 4, 25 The Drive, Sidcup, Kent 01-302 7323.**

ROEHAMPTON 'Our City is under Attack' Public Meeting. Spkrs Ken Livingstone, Frances Morrell, Andy Harris. 7.30 pm Downshire House, Garnett College (opp. Q. Mary's Hospital, Roehampton La). **Org Putney Labour Party, 35 Felsham Rd, SW15 1AY 01-788 8961.**

LONDON 'Right of Repatriation for Irish PoWs' Public Meeting 7.30pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Adm. 40p. **Org. S. London Irish Solidarity Campaign, Box 1320, WC1N 3XX.**

FRI 16 MARCH

CANTERBURY Kent Trade Unions Alliance meeting for all trades unionists interested in resisting government attacks on jobs, 8 pm Keynes College, University of Kent.

SAT 17 MARCH

NOTTINGHAM 'Sexual orientation as a component part of Social Work Training', Gay Workers Grp meeting. **Details: Richard McCance, 21 Devonshire Parade, Lenton. 0602 602164.**

LONDON St Patrick's Night Social, live Irish music, food, bar. 8 pm Caxton House, St John's Way, N19. Adm. £1/40p unwaged. part of Irish Solidarity Movement's national week of action for the right of repatriation for Irish prisoners in English jails. **ISM BX Box 1320 WC1N 3XX.**

LONDON 'Towards an independent income for women'. Educational workshop organised by Rights of Women Campaign for Legal and Financial Independence for Women. 10.30-5.30 Marble Arch Intensive English School, 21 Star St, W2. Women only/creche, no disabled access. Registration fee: £6 Orgs, £3 Employed, £1.50 Unemployed/ Students. **Details: Rada, ROW, 374 Grays Inn Road, WC1. 01-278 6349.**

MANCHESTER 'Labour's Turning Point' Day conf. on movements and ideas in the 1890s. 10-4pm Polytechnic Students Union, Oxford Rd. Adm. free. **Details: NW Labour History Grp, 6 Alfred St, Moses Gate, Bolton BL4 7QT. 0204 73985.**

MANCHESTER CND benefit disco cabaret. 9-1pm Capri Ballroom, Platt La, Rusholme. Tickets £1.50/£1 unwaged. **Details: 061-224 0222.**

LONDON Demo in support of Irish PoWs, 1pm Whittington Pk, Holloway Rd. **Org S. London Irish Solidarity Comm.**

LONDON Doctors for a Woman's Choice on Abortion Open Meeting, 10am Small Hall, Camden Centre, Bidborough St, WC1.

CARDIFF 'An Ageing Society: Challenge for Social Services'. 10am-5.30pm University College, Cardiff, Centenary Conference. Fee: £10 incl. lunch. **Details: Ms Pat Harris, Dept. of Social Admin, University College, PO Box 78, Cardiff CF1 1XL.**

SANDWELL Midlands Peoples Campaign for Jobs festival. **Details: Sandwell Unemployed People's Centre, 324 High St, W. Bromwich 021-525 5275.**

FORTHCOMING

19 MAR LONDON 'Environment and Secrecy'. Green Alliance/Friends of the Earth seminar. Spkr David Steel. 2.30-5.30 pm Policy Studies Inst, 1 Castle La, SW1. Tickets £5 **Green Alliance, 60 Chandos Pls, WC2. 01-836 0341.**

19 MARCH OXFORD 'The World After Nuclear War' one-day conf. Randolph Hotel. Norman Myers reporting on Washington Conference last Nov. £15. **Details & bkngs: Rm. 1209 Surrey House, Throwley Way, Sutton, Surrey SV11 4QQ.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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CONFERENCE

END CONFERENCE
'The Peace Movement in Eastern Europe'
Saturday 24 March
10.30 am-6.30 pm
The Students' Union
Portsmouth Polytechnic
Museum Road, Portsmouth.
including:
E.P. Thompson (END)
Zdena Tomin (Charter 77)
Mick Cox (Critique)
Vladimir Fisera (END),
more to be confirmed.
Info: Guy Austin,
c/o Students' Union
0705 669159

GROUPS/ MEETINGS

LAURIESTON HALL, Castle Douglas, SW Scotland, Summer Event Sheet send s.a.e. Newsletter also ready send £1.00 two year subscription.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 11 March 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Man, Mortal & Immortal'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

BREAKING THE US CONNECTION
A *'Briefing'* Discussion Conference on
LABOUR AND NATO
County Hall, London,
24 March 10.30 to 5pm
Speakers include: Alan Sapper, Jeremy Corbyn, Joy Hurcombe, Fred Halliday, Peter Tatchell, Tariq Ali.
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EVENTS

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BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS — New Catalogue Charlotte Robinson, 35 Gt Pulteney St, London W1. 01-437 3683. Catalogue 6, Modern Firsts, Literature of the Great War, Children's & Illustrated Books. Send or visit the shop 11-6 weekdays.

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ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), divorced, loves arts, seeks attractive, intelligent, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim-medium, any race/circumstances, for warm friendship/enjoyments, preferably London/surrounding areas. Box 7582.

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ENGLISHMAN, graduate, single, 30s, interested in foreign travel, music, politics, would like to correspond with female, single, 20s, from abroad, with similar interests. Photograph gladly provided and all replies answered. Box 7819.

FEMALE LOVER, 33, of music, literature, cinema, theatre, travel and socialism, seeks an attractive, intelligent, witty male to share it all with (London based). Box 7736.

GAY MAN, lively early forties, interested in jazz, film, politics, literature, seeks likeminded friends, any age (over 21), and offers companionship and hospitality in Devon. Box 7828.

GAY SOCIALIST, in Britain and abroad, would like to correspond with other interested people, over 21, eventually we would meet. My interests are politics, history, music and travel. Box 7806.

GRADUATE, MALE, Civil Servant, 29, single, seeks old-fashioned, but progressive lady, for old-fashioned romance. Likes music, cinema, countryside, regional culture. Lives London. Box 7785.

IS THERE an intelligent, perceptive man, circa L, whose life would be enhanced by my interesting, attractive, female company on country forays and things cultural in the Bristol region. Box 7786.

I LOVE MUSIC, poetry, ballet and beautiful things in life. Come and enjoy them with me. Am kind and loving, very experienced, would like to meet liberated, sensual lady to love and be loved. Central London. Phone number please. Box 7809.

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LECTURER, HUMOROUS and attractive, young mid-forties, recently separated, seeks close friendship with understanding woman, into music etc, 35 plus. Cardiff or close. Box 7787.

LONDON LADY, (40s, div.), attractive, warm, vivacious, cultured, seeks compatible, educated, mature/personable prof. man — stimulating, sensitive, solvent — to share genuine loving/lasting relationship. Box 7803.

LONELY LEFT-WING professional, early thirties, exiled in Birmingham, seeks progressive/feminist girlfriend, with an idea of getting it together and enjoying living. Box 7737.

LOVING AND independent woman, 43, Central London, seeks male companionship. Box 7835.

MALE GRADUATE, 21, into hippiedom, philosophy, modern art, seeks female friend of similar age. Hertfordshire/London area. Box 7824.

MALE 1945 VINTAGE, well seasoned and matured in own cellar, seeks independent, feminine spirit of like vintage, for blending new flavour and style. North Cheshire. Box 7821.

MALE, SINGLE, early 30s, left wing, doctorate, writer, living in London, seeks non-racist, female over 20. Interests: theatre, cinema, music, travel, literature. Box 7765.

MALE, 29, interested in cinema, sport, contemporary music, left politics, travel, seeks similar, humorous, non-smoking, unfeminine woman. Age, race, looks unimportant. London/Essex. Box 7751.

MAN, MID 30s, reasonably attractive, artistic, wide interests, good sense of humour & fairly bright (lives London), would like to meet similar woman, up to age 35. Photo appreciated — and returned. Box 7811.

MATURE MALE, early 40s, graduate with artisan, nurse, social-work background. Refusing to be cynicised by broken marriages, house, car, seeks lady to share love, life, Elgar, Hardy, walking, theatre, concerts. Age not important. Lancs/Yorks area. Box 7834.

NON-MACHO male, 28, unemployed languages graduate, analytical, sensual, physically aware, wide interests, Midlands working-class background, seeks intelligent, sensitive female, any age. Box 7808.

OVERWEIGHT ENTREPRENEUR, 55, cultured, civilised and sportive, central London based Continental, seeks stable relationship to encourage slimming and to discourage over-eating, on account of loneliness. Box 7805.

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SOCIALIST, PROFESSIONAL male (31), living in Gtr Manchester area, but of Welsh origin, seeks female, aged up to 36, for mutually supportive relationship. Box 7783.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, professional gentleman, 52, non-smoker, widowed, wide interests, looking for happiness again, with attractive lady, 40-50. Herts/London. Box 7784.

TEACHER, 25, ecologically minded, into CND, soul, modern jazz and outdoors, seeks warm-hearted girl of similar interests. W. Yorks. Box 7814.

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